

**Who Will Win The
Fight Between
Landlord & Tenant?**

**MY FIRST SEVEN DAYS
OF TV**

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

MACLEAN'S

JANUARY 15 1954 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



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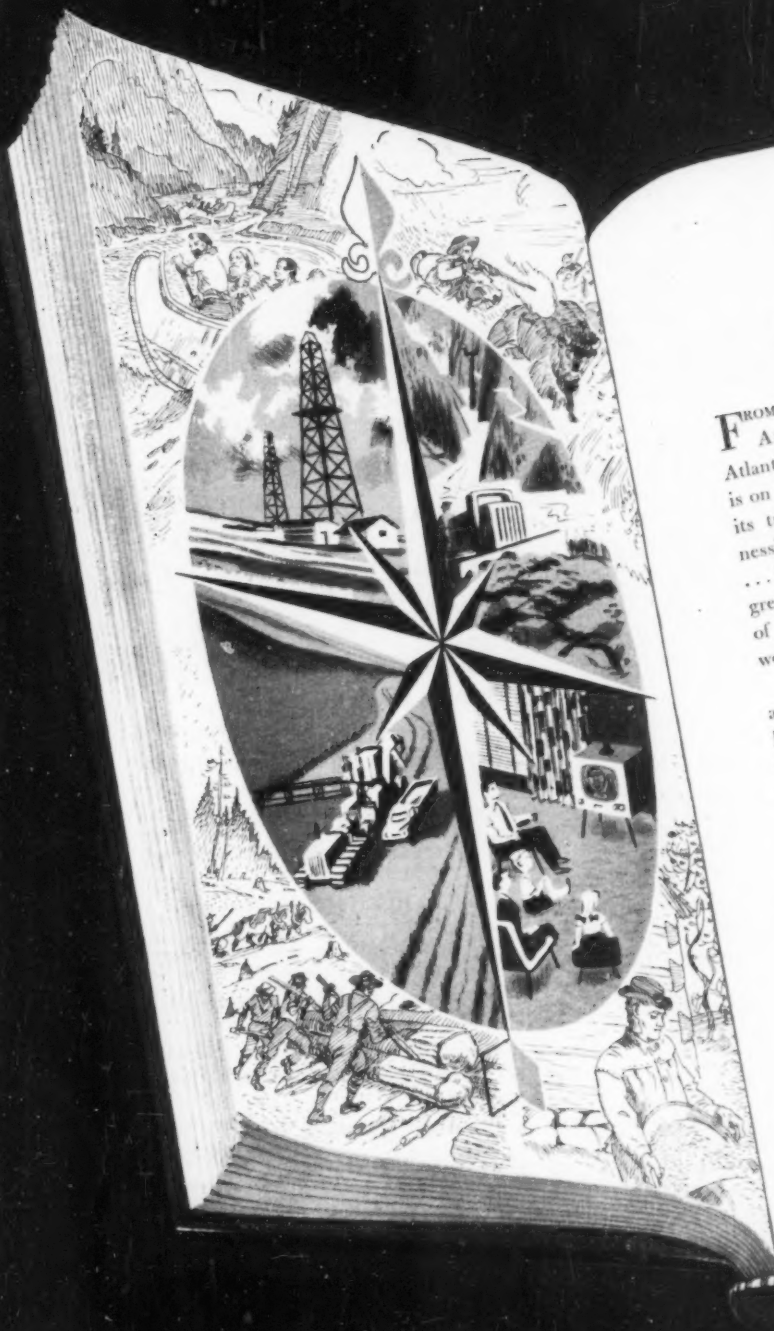
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JANUARY 19, 1954

The Most Exciting Story in the World Today!



Chapter 1953

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Across the land, Canadians are marching ahead, hand in hand, to the rhythm of the motor, the drill, the hammer and the machine.

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Since 1817 The Bank of Montreal has moved ahead with Canadians in every walk of life. The year 1953 was no exception, as the facts and figures of its year-end report clearly show, with deposits and loans at the highest levels in the Bank's history. In this year the B of M worked with more than two million Canadians on every income level . . . with great industries and private citizens . . . with farmers, fishermen and lumbermen . . . with merchants, manufacturers and municipalities . . . lending its support to worthwhile Canadian developments of every size and nature, helping to make 1953 an outstanding chapter of achievement in Canadian history.

If you have a savings or business account at the B of M you may rest assured that your money has been working regularly—for you and for Canada. Depositing your money in any one of the B of M's 600 branches means that you are moving ahead to prosperity, hand in hand with Canada as she looks ahead to Chapter 1954 of the most exciting story in the world.

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Canada's First Bank

EDITORIAL

IS IT A SIN FOR PARTY STALWARTS TO DISAGREE?

NOT LONG BEFORE parliament rose for Christmas the Progressive Conservatives created a sensation. Social Crediters had moved an amendment urging the Government to accept payment in sterling for certain exports. Most of the Conservative MPs, including Party Leader George Drew, voted against this amendment; eleven voted in favor of it.

This caused a great hullabaloo. One newspaper, the devoutly Conservative Ottawa Journal, even suggested that the shortest way with these dissenters was to "purge" them from the Progressive Conservative Party.

For our part we are not much concerned about the merits of the Social Credit motion—it seems to us a question on which reasonable men may disagree without heat. We are concerned about the suggestion that disagreement itself is in some way reprehensible, a misdemeanor if not a felony.

Few Canadians would argue that political parties should give up all pretence at community of opinion, as Republicans and Democrats in the United States so often seem to do. Most of us in this country agree that parties ought to stand for some reasonably coherent body of doctrine, and that party discipline should include some respect for that doctrine and even, perhaps, some respect for the majority's interpretation of it.

But it seems to us that in Canada our parties have gone too far in the direction of unanimity, of "regularity." You don't have to be an anarchist to wish that some Liberal MP would occasionally tell the Government that it's on the wrong tack, and back up this expression of personal opinion by voting "no" in the House.

Our politicians tell us that they argue vigorously in the secrecy of party caucus. Maybe they do, though we find it hard to believe. But in public they sound like tape recordings of each other.

This has two disadvantages for Canadian democracy. One is the simple and all-too-obvious fact that Canadian politics are a stupefying bore. Once upon a time it was considered ill-mannered to discuss politics at private gatherings lest the argument become heated. Now it's equally ill-mannered for the opposite reason—the subject is too tedious. This isn't a good thing for the democratic system in this country.

Much more serious, though, is the other disadvantage—the deliberate smothering of controversy. Parties have become so much alike that inter-party debate is almost as inhibited as the public discussion of issues among members of the same party. If we don't look out we're going to lose the ability to disagree, or rather the ability to tolerate disagreement. And if we lose that, no matter what word we may use to describe our system of government, real free democracy will have died in a coma.

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No longer is pioneering an inch-by-inch battle of man and axe against the wilderness. Today, mechanized pioneers are

PUSHING BACK CANADA'S FRONTIERS WITH ROOT-RIPPING POWER

A splintering crackle rises above the roar of a powerful tractor engine. A tree sways, leans and crashes, leaving a gaping hole where only seconds before its roots were solidly anchored.

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Other Allis-Chalmers machines follow, building roads as they go. Big, fast-moving Motor Scrapers level off the hills and fill in low spots — each carrying a "room-full" of

dirt every trip.

Next comes the motor grader, its blade working with fractional-inch precision . . . grading, sloping, ditching — adding the finishing touches to a road vitally important to a growing nation.

Ahead lie great stores of untapped resources . . . trees to be harvested, minerals to be mined, hydraulic power to be harnessed. Here, too, Allis-Chalmers equipment of all types will play a big part. Their power and versatility are used in many ways to help unlock, transport and utilize Canada's wealth.



Moving dirt fast is the job of Allis-Chalmers Motor Scrapers. Besides handling cut and fill work on road construction, these 18-cubic-yard units strip overburden from ore and coal open pit mines.



Deep in the Labrador wilderness, one of a fleet of Allis-Chalmers HD-20 Tractors (world's largest) helps doze out the right-of-way for a 360-mile railroad from Seven Islands, Quebec, north to the world's richest iron ore deposit.

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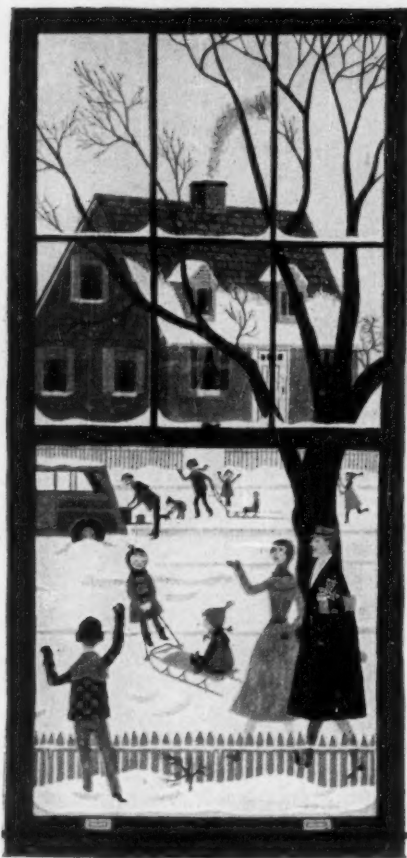
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GOOD HINTS FOR WINTER HEALTH

The Forecast

Continued cold today and tomorrow. Possibility of more snow or sleet later in the week.



During the next three months cold weather, like the forecast above, may be with us. While winter holds sway, millions of Canadians will have their annual bouts with the common cold. Others will suffer from more serious respiratory conditions ranging from laryngitis to pneumonia.

Despite the increased chances for respiratory illness during the winter, there are many things you can do to help ward this off—or if it does occur, to prevent complications and hasten recovery. Here are some good hints for winter health which all members of your family may wisely follow.

1. Build up your resistance. Respiratory infections are most likely to strike when a person is "run down" or "tired out." So, it is wise to get plenty of rest and sleep, take some exercise, and dress warmly to avoid becoming chilled. It is important to keep living quarters moderately heated with moistened air.

2. Do not be careless about colds. If you get a cold, and have a fever, it is usually advisable to stay at home for a day or two. Rest in bed if you can, preferably in a room by yourself so as to prevent spreading the cold to others in the family. Keep warm and eat lightly. If fever persists or is unduly high, call the doctor without delay.

3. Give yourself plenty of time to recover. Medicines which the doctor prescribes may send the fever down rather quickly and make you feel much better, but this should not be a signal to get up immediately.

You may run the risk of weakening your body's ability to continue the fight against the invading "germs" if you get up too soon. All too often this results in a relapse which may be more serious than your original trouble.

If you are unfortunate enough to contract pneumonia, influenza, or other severe respiratory infections, follow your doctor's advice faithfully.

4. Have a physical examination. If you have "one cold after another," suffer from repeated sore throats, or are bothered by a chronic sinus condition, it would be wise to see your doctor for a thorough health examination. He may find conditions that can be easily corrected—or he may suggest measures that can help you go through the winter in much better health than ever before.

Metropolitan offers a booklet called "Respiratory Diseases" which contains various suggestions to help you "weather the winter" in the best of health. It also discusses the more common ailments of the season. Use the handy coupon for your free copy.

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Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

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Name

Street

City Prov.

London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*



Sir Winston Faces the Storm

CONSIDERING the time of the year it was a lovely sunny day and I do not doubt that Sir Winston Churchill's spirits soared as he made the short journey from No. 10 Downing Street to the House of Commons.

The House was meeting at 2.30 p.m. as usual. There would be an hour for questions and ministerial replies, followed by a desultory debate on whether or not a humble address should be presented to Her Majesty praying that the Transitional Powers Act of 1945, about to expire, should be given a new lease on life for one year. It was just one of those bread-and-butter days when a good housekeeper tidies things up.

The only chance of any controversy lay in a group of questions put down to be answered by the parliamentary secretary for defense. There were seven of these questions altogether, six in the name of Tories and one from a Labour member. All of them wanted to know from the junior defense minister whether the small and aged group of retired regular officers—numbering a mere three hundred and fifty-nine—were to have their pensions raised from the 1919 level on which they were still based.

To the surprise of the House Sir Winston rose when the questions were reached. "I have asked leave," he said, "to reply to these questions myself and, with the permission of the House, I shall do so at the end of question time."

An adroit fellow sitting beside me whispered: "Winston's going to hand out some lollipops and wants to get the credit for it." The comment was not intended to be sardonic nor flattering. It was just the British House of Commons in its usual mood.

But when questions came to an end and Churchill rose there was no Father Christmas smile on his face. Obviously he was going to make an announcement that would bring thunder about his head. That was why he had taken the matter out of the hands of the junior minister. Churchill has his faults but running away from the storm is not one of them.

Quietly but firmly he expressed sympathy with the plight of this small group of pensioned ex-regular officers. He admitted that these military servants of the Crown, like their brothers in the civil service, were suffering much hardship because of the failure of pensions to keep pace with the rising cost of living.

"The Government," said Churchill as he came to the end of his statement, "recognizes the hardship . . . but we have come to the conclusion that it would not be possible to treat this problem as a special case at a time when so many other demands are pressing."

Whereupon the storm broke.

Up jumped Sir Edward Keeling, a Tory and former mayor of the Borough of Westminster. Since it was still question time the MPs had to phrase their protests in the interrogatory form. "Is my Right Honorable friend aware," demanded Keeling, "that his reply and the decision of the Government are wholly unacceptable on both sides of the House?"

Lt.-Col. Lipton, a ranker-officer ex-regular, asked from the Labour benches whether Churchill realized that he was creating the impression that he wanted to solve this problem by allowing a small and dwindling number of men to die out altogether? Not content with that cruel thrust Lipton asked: "In view of the very small amount of money involved, will the Prime Minister not reconsider this very deplorable position?"

"Answer!" shouted a dozen voices. It was taken up by others on both sides. "Answer! Answer!" Churchill flushed angrily but made no attempt to rise. He was going to let the storm expend its fury before he tried to ride it.

Suddenly from his own ranks came not only a denunciation but a threat. Anthony Marlowe, QC, who sits for Brighton-on-Sea, declared that if Churchill did not alter his decision

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Churchill: Was a refusal callous, cynical and cruel?



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

at Ottawa

What We Don't Know About The U.S.

EVERYBODY talks about Canada-United States relations and now the International Chamber of Commerce proposes to do something about them. Its Canada - U. S. committee is commissioning a booklet for distribution in both countries to correct some of the misconceptions among each people about the other.

By way of preparation the committee took a survey of a small but carefully chosen sample on each side of the border and winnowed out some leading examples of what the common misconceptions are. The survey located eleven among Americans about Canada, and seventeen among Canadians about the United States.

Merrill Dennison, an American journalist who spent much of his boyhood in Canada and knows this country well, once remarked that the average American is benevolently ignorant of Canada, whereas the average Canadian is malevolently well-informed about the United States. The Chamber's survey confirms Dennison's epigram. More than half of the major American misconceptions, but only one of Canada's anti-American prejudices, are simple errors of fact. The rest are distortions of the truth, or merely sour reactions to existing conditions.

On the U. S. side, therefore, the task of enlightenment is relatively simple even though it may be difficult. It's just a matter of denying such fantastic notions as the following:

"Britain owns Canada. British money may be the common currency; in any case Canadians pay their taxes to the King."

"In spite of being British, most

Canadians are somehow French."

"Canada produces nothing but raw materials, has no industries, manufactures nothing. There are, of course, excellent places for Americans to fish and hunt, aided by quaint half-breed guides (who are really not to be trusted, but the Mounties are very diligent so don't be alarmed)."

"People who live in Canada must be rather uncivilized—possibly illiterate. Schools, if any, are probably low-grade. For these reasons there can be no large body of skilled labor or professional people. (Besides, aren't all the best Canadians now in the United States?)"

OF CANADA'S seventeen misconceptions about the United States, only one can be thus corrected by simple denial. Oddly enough, it is an opinion which also appears in the American list. Here's how Americans express it:

"United States investment in Canada is relatively small. U. S. trade with Canada doesn't amount to anything important in terms of creating employment for the United States worker."

Canadians put the same idea in words more like these:

"Although the United States has a lot of companies with Canadian branches, British investments are still greater than United States'. (In 1949 a survey of businessmen in Canada showed that twenty percent believed British investments were greater than United States', and only nine percent could state what percentage of Canada's exports goes to the United States.) Canadian trade with

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Cartoon by Grassick

A New Twist...

to give the world's
most precious food
Perfect Protection!

Bread is basic to health and vigour. Be sure you get positive protection for every loaf you purchase—always buy bread wrapped in "Cellophane". Bread wrapped in "Cellophane" gets perfect protection—in the store, your shopping bag, and home. "Cellophane" keeps dust, dirt, and odours out—keeps taste and freshness in—even after your loaf has been unsealed! Just twist the "Cellophane" shut before putting the loaf away. One twist—and your bread is protection-sealed again . . . to the very last slice!

Remember, "Cellophane" always lets you see what you buy—shows what it protects . . . protects what it shows!

Cellophane

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When you wash your hair with Woodbury Shampoo, you accomplish three things. Woodbury's rich lather cleanses thoroughly so your hair and scalp are really clean. Second, because Woodbury is a natural oil shampoo, it leaves hair less dry, more lustrous. It actually helps preserve your own natural oils. Third, your hair has "body" so it's easy to manage. Woodbury Coconut Oil Shampoo is economical too. Because so many families use it regularly, it sells for much less than other quality shampoos. Buy this big bottle today!

Woodbury Shampoo ... best for all the heads of the family



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THE
MUSIC HALL

By Robert Thomas Allen

Maclean's put a TV set into the home of this innocent bystander, chained him to a chair and made him watch the screen for a solid week. Is Canadian television worth the money? Here's one man's answer



My first seven days of TV

ONE WEEK last November I submitted to a strange experiment. For seven days I watched so many cowboys chase one another up canyons, cover up for their kid brothers and dust off their sombreros for a cutie called Miss Julie, that I began to go bowlegged myself. I watched a man wearing a wastepaper basket on his head quarrel with two puppets. I attended a university lecture on anthropology, died with Camille, took one of the most terrible beatings ever experienced by a fight fan, and learned how to make pea soup. I saw some of the most magnificent entertainment I've ever looked at, and a lot of stuff so bad that I blushed for the human race.

All this happened to me over television, on a set Maclean's installed in my living room. My assignment was simply to watch it for a week, then report on how Canadian television is doing as it enters its second full year of operation. The Toronto station, CBLT, Channel 9, was chosen because it is the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's major English-language production centre from which most programs will originate as CBC's national network develops.

I was chosen because my mind was a blank about television. I'd watched it about six times in my life, mostly in store windows. I'd never seen a Canadian program. I went at it with an open mind, an open mouth and a lively curiosity about all the controversy revolving around CBC television.

On the key point of the controversy I was reasonably objective. I held no strong views—and still hold no strong views—about public versus private ownership. Whether the Canadian government should get out of the TV business or stay in it is not a question which stirs my passions in itself. My sole interest in the subject is what comes out of the box.

Station CBLT opened in September 1952 with a five-hour daily schedule. A year later the schedule was increased to nine and a half hours daily. The station is equipped to produce and telecast live programs from Toronto; to relay live programs from Buffalo and the other CBC television stations in Montreal and Ottawa; to provide, by means of special television film, called kinescope, delayed programs from other parts of the world; and to telecast films, both those made specially for TV (I've designated these "TV film") and just plain films (designated just plain "film"). To you and me, both kinds of film mean "canned," which doesn't necessarily mean inferior; and kinescope means programs that originated as TV shows but, unlike "live" shows, aren't taking place while we're watching them.

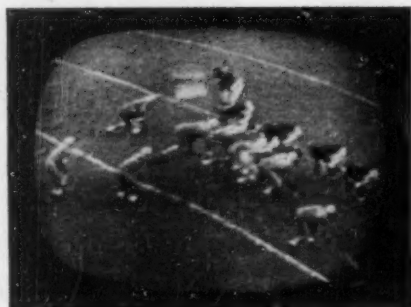
For five days, Monday through Friday, CBLT came on at two-thirty in the afternoon, showed a movie until three-thirty, then went off the air, except for recorded music, until four-thirty. There was no break then until midnight or later. On Sunday CBLT started at two and ran until after midnight with no breaks. On Saturday it started at ten in the morning, went off at noon, came on again at two-thirty, went off at three-thirty, came on at four and stayed on until midnight.

During sixty-five hours of television I saw eight hours of sports; eight and a half hours of variety shows; nineteen and a half hours of drama; two and a half hours of documentaries; an hour and a half of women's programs; an hour of music; two and a half hours of special events; thirteen and a half hours of children's programs; and eight hours of discussion, news and public affairs. CBLT ran "spot" commercials all week, either of twenty or sixty seconds



Thumbs Up:

No one could resist buying a TV set if all the programs turned out as well as these



FOOTBALL & FIGHTS

For once in his life, Bob knew who had the ball. Fights were like being at ringside.



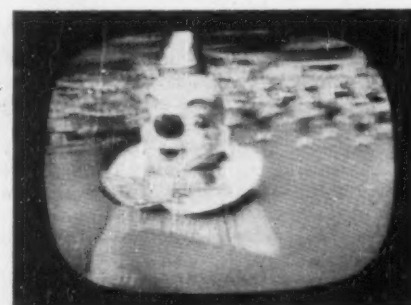
TABLOID

Weatherman Saltzman, left, was natural TV personality. MC MacDougal had easy humor.



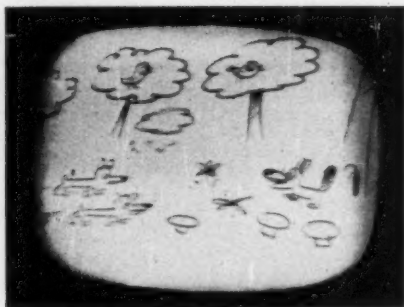
LIVE VARIETY SHOWS

Things like Milton Berle, above, Sullivan, Gleason and Martha Raye were best in years.



SPECIAL EVENTS

Any time crowds were surging, such as at Santa Claus Parade, TV provided a box seat.



TELESTORY TIME

Some kids' stuff was wretched but a few, like this with Pat Patterson, sparkled.



EDUCATIONAL

TV can do job here. The Exploring Mind, a trip into college lectures, was highlight.



CANADIAN CAPERS

The Big Revue proved Canada can round up entertainers superior to some U.S. stars.



LIVE DRAMA

CBC Theatre doing excellent job. A Davies play didn't come off but the idea's good.

duration. Monday was the heaviest day, with nine spots. Altogether, Monday through Saturday, there were thirty-four of them, with none on Sunday.

I saw twenty-five hours of Canadian programs, thirty-one hours of American programs and nine hours of British programs. I tuned in CBLT's test pattern at two o'clock on Sunday, November 8 and watched everything on the screen until midnight Saturday, November 14. My wife gave me meals on the chesterfield. It was a bit like Lindbergh's first flight across the Atlantic. Here's a daily record of the adventure and where there's a sponsor it's indicated; otherwise, the programs are sustaining—that is, presented by the CBC:

SUNDAY 2 TO 4.45:

Sweet Caporal Presents the Game of the Week (live American). A professional football game between the Chicago Bears and the Green Bay Packers. A shot of the crowd, a shot of the field, a quick switch-back to a guy in a business suit telling me about cigarettes, then staring in embarrassment at me till the camera took us back to Wrigley Field; a wonderful action close-up of a running player and from then on I was enjoying a football game; more, I think, than if I were sitting in the stands.

What television lost in scope and atmosphere it gained in close-ups of the plays. For the first time in my life I always knew who had the ball. On the other hand, it showed up a weakness of television, either giving wide-focus shots which lost detail, or narrow-focus shots which lost the rest of the world. On a forward pass, the camera often follows the ball so that for a moment all you see is the sky with a football in it, then comes back to earth in time to show the receiver reaching for the pass.

As the camera moved around, players seemed to be hauled up to heaven on wires and dropped out of the television set onto my floor. One disgruntled player ran right under my chesterfield and, as far as I know, he's still there. The referees' feet were always walking weirdly across the top of the screen. There were occasional interludes when strange men in front of blackboards gave me a description of a play then led me around to Sweet Caporals, and others when a Sweet Caporal slogan in white block type moved across the bottom of the screen between plays. But the commercials were short, to the point, and not very irritating. All in all, very enjoyable stuff.

4.45 TO 5:

Music Hall Varieties (American TV film). A girl in a pullover dancing to mouth organs, very prettily, although when she stopped dancing, and the camera still hadn't got around to the guys who were serenading her, she didn't seem to know what to do with her face. A costume dance, three men and a girl singing a solid arrangement of Frenchy, which I haven't heard since I used to save alleys; a boogie piano, an "oompah" band number, with a bosomy creature sitting on the piano with nothing to do but justify television. She did.

5 TO 5.30:

Small Fry Frolics (Canadian kinescope). A kid's quiz in which the camera had nothing to do but turn from one speaker to another, and got me dizzy doing it. Pleasantly handled but a very phony imitation of a grown-up quiz in which kids asked questions like, "Sir, is civilian defense important for children or just for adults?" A bit of fun breaking balloons.

5.30 TO 6:

The Story of Species Homo Sapiens (American kinescope). A documentary about the history of man, produced by the American Museum of Natural History. A lecture, half of which was accompanied by animated diagrams, gaining nothing over radio; half, by a film of Australian aborigines, gaining tremendously over it. The lecture itself was excellent.

Continued on page 51



Borderline: These shows have a point but it's not always too sharp



OUR MISS BROOKS

A good comedy but crowded sets seemed to have been shot in a well-lit broom closet.



SMALL FRY FROLICS

MC does good job with sprouts but camera does nothing except picture the speakers.



SPACE COMMAND

Scientific thriller didn't have too much point but proved mayhem was not a necessity.



PANEL SHOWS

Fighting Words produced a few warm words but Bob was unmoved by seeing people talk.



PRO HOCKEY

Nothing was added to Foster Hewitt's voice by a camera view of unrecognizable players.



NEWSCASTS

News film is good but shots of men reading grew boring. Has everyone lost his memory?



Thumbs down: This sort of thing drives people back to poolrooms



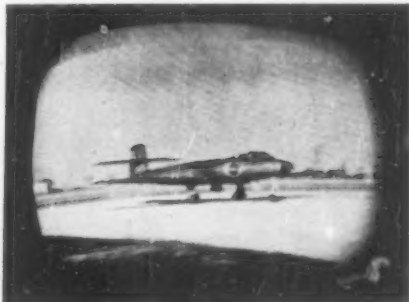
DENNIS DAY SHOW

A flimsy plot gave Day a chance to try his voice. No reason here to switch from radio.



FILMED DRAMA

Four Star Theatre one of many. You've seen the plot, or one like it, a thousand times.



COMMERCIAL FILMS

One about a jet was the kind of film they show to employees to make 'em work harder.



COWBOYS!

He went thataway! The air is cluttered with the same old caws and the same old plots.



WRESTLING

Incredible junk. Everybody feels great at the end except the poor nauseated viewer.



OLD MOVIES

Some scripts fair but all plots were pared to bones of action. Raft "whodunit" poor.



Pointing his camera up Theatre Hill at the junction of Duckworth and New Gower Streets, Karsh made use of a group of curious but cheerful children.

The bright new face of old St. John's

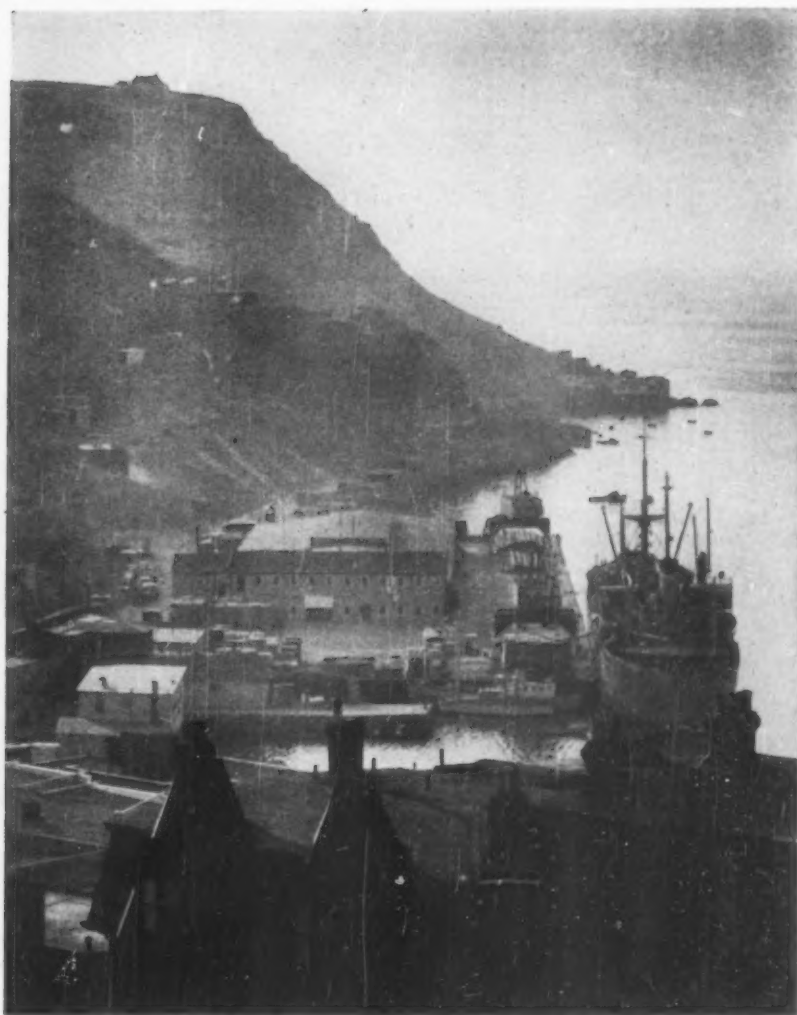
In our oldest city and newest capital, Yousuf Karsh
finds some startling post-Confederation changes



THE HAPPY CHILDREN in the picture above symbolize to Yousuf Karsh something of the feeling of vibrance which he caught in Newfoundland's capital city last fall. It had been more than two years since Karsh had been in Newfoundland and he was both surprised and impressed at the changes that have come about in the post-Confederation years. The city and the province are undergoing a basic change which may take a generation, if it's successful at all: the fundamental switch from an economy based mainly on cod, to an economy based at least partially on industrial development. But the immediate change, as far as Karsh was concerned, was a more human one. Perhaps it was the family allowances, but the St. John's children simply looked happier to him.



Everything happens on Water Street, according to old St. John's residents. The shiny new cars are one symbol of Newfoundland's increasing prosperity.



Karsh says St. John's has "one of the world's most fantastic natural harbors." Here a United States transport ship is tied up at the harbor's American dock.



Not far from St. John's, Newfoundland fishermen lay out the day's catch of cod to dry in the sun as their fathers and grandfathers did before them.

This is the old St. John's...

Dried fish, mellowing port, tall masts and sisal fibre epitomize a seaport's ancient ways



The masts of Portuguese fishing ships back from the Banks pierce a harbor fog.



Casks of port age in Baine and Johnson's vaults as they have since pirate days.



Delivery sleds and wagons on sale keynote the changing tempo of life in old St. John's.

This sisal fibre at Colonial Cordage (established 1882) is being prepared for spinning.



THESE PHOTOGRAPHS show St. John's as visitors have seen her for more than two centuries—a city built on small family enterprises with cod fishing the principal occupation and tall sailing ships the principal trademark. The Portuguese fishing fleet, which takes a huge catch from the Grand Banks, was originally responsible for bringing in barrels of Newman's port as ballast. They still mellow in subterranean vaults as they did a century ago, but the old order is changing as Yousuf Karsh shows in the photographs on the next page.



...and this is the new

At Joe Smallwood's cluttered desk, plans are hatching for an industrial revolution



Job's Fish Plant (est. 1780) has added modern equipment which prepares frozen fillets for export by mechanical means.

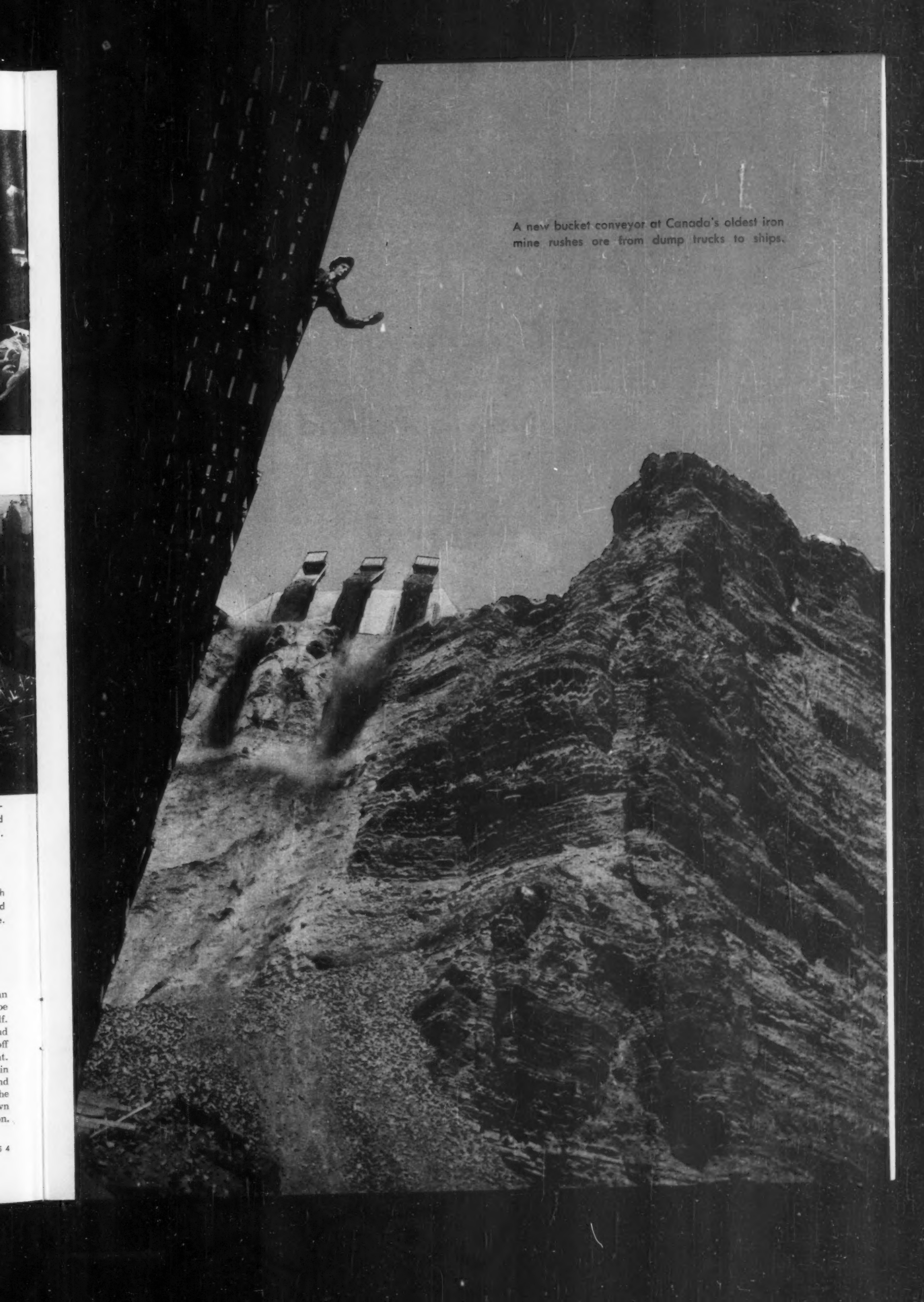


Canadian Machinery & Industry Construction Company was established by eager immigrants from Germany.

In former Canada House, where Canadian high commissioner once lived, Premier Joe Smallwood now pores over plans for developing his province.

THE PREMIER OF NEWFOUNDLAND is a short, cocky ex-newspaperman whose desk, as the picture above indicates, is seldom clear of work. Joe Smallwood's plans for his province are just as cocky as the Premier himself. Already some of the plans have borne fruit as these pictures, taken in and around St. John's, show. Briefly, Smallwood wants to take the emphasis off cod, and small family industry, and put it on large industrial development. Since Confederation he's been able to interest new blood and new money in his province. The result has been new ideas, new machinery, new jobs and new prosperity for his people (not to mention new votes for Joe). The German worker, the fish filleting device and the mechanical ore belt shown here are photographic evidence of St. John's progress toward industrialization.

A new bucket conveyor at Canada's oldest iron mine rushes ore from dump trucks to ships.



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Karsh's St. John's *continued*

A Newfoundland portrait gallery

In the faces
of the people,
Karsh captures
the rugged
character of the land

THE FACE of Newfoundland is craggy and lined, like the rocky coastal shores and the sea-eroded cliffs and the gnarled windfalls that stand sentinel by bays and inlets. So, too, the faces of the people, who are exposed as the trees are, to wind and weather and salt sea spray. On these pages, Yousuf Karsh, long accustomed to photographing character under studio lights, photographs it in the chill daylight of a Newfoundland morning. These portraits were taken at the iron mines on Bell Island and on the docks and wharves around the town where fishermen from Push-and-be-Damned mingle with bearded sailors who come from Lisbon to fish the Grand Banks. ★



These are portraits of the men who keep Newfoundland's economy alive



Karsh made these studies of fishermen along the docksides of St. John's



Then he photographed these miners at the Wabana pithead on Bell Island

IT'S 1 TO 2 YOU'VE GOT AN ALLERGY

BY FERGUS CRONIN

These mysterious ailments still baffle doctors. Why can
feathers, pollen, hair tonic, strawberries
fear, husbands, anger, and strangers
make people snuffle, come out in spots, or even die?

PROBABLY everyone knows somebody with an allergy. An aunt who can't wear nylon stockings, a second cousin who goes to the seashore every summer because of his hay fever, or the friend of a brother whose grandfather is a martyr to asthma. There are people who can't wear metal-rimmed eyeglasses without getting a rash, and a few not entirely unlucky housewives who have been prescribed "no more housework" because they're allergic to dust.

Actually, more people suffer from allergy than any other type of ailment. One in every ten of the entire population suffers from an allergy serious enough to require medical attention, and one person in three will at some time suffer from some form of allergy, mild or serious. In other words, the odds are one to two that any individual has an active or latent allergy.

Allergy is not a disease of itself. It is medically defined as hypersensitivity of the body cells to various substances, otherwise normal, which act as irritants on particular individuals. Dr. George Little, a Toronto general practitioner who has encountered many cases of allergy, concludes that, "A person can be allergic to everything under the sun—and even the sun itself."

Allergies are usually due to the food we eat, particles we breathe or materials we touch. The most common substances to which people are allergic are pollen, eggs, milk, wheat, cats, dogs, tomatoes, strawberries, dust, feathers, tobacco, soap, mustard, hair lotion, smoke, sugar, honey, chocolate, drugs, dandruff, paprika, pork, scratches, fish, corn, cottonseed, celery, chemicals, insecticides, cleansers, tooth paste, grapes, insect bites, cold, heat and light, even water.

In recent years it has been established, too, that many allergies are psychosomatic in nature, that they are caused by emotional disturbances rather than by a physical irritant. This is often the answer to the elusive cause of allergic symptoms. And the symptoms of an allergy caused by anxiety, frustration or tension can be every bit as serious as those from ragweed or wool.

There is a case of a man whose face broke out in disfiguring blotches at the prospect of having to meet a stranger, even on the most casual business or social occasion. At times a victim may suffer from both physical and psychosomatic allergies, like the Montreal man who had had hives for sixteen months and was found to be allergic to eggs, tuna fish and chicken. These were eliminated from his meals, but he still had occasional attacks. Questioning showed that his hives began to sprout around noon on weekdays, but never

on week ends. Conclusion: they were due to nervous tension while playing gin rummy with the boys in the office every lunch period. He stopped playing and his hives disappeared.

Hay fever is the most familiar and prevalent of the allergies. A mild allergy may produce nothing more than a rash, sniffles or a swelling of the irritated part. But since allergens—the irritant which causes the allergic reaction—can affect any group of cells in the body, the malady can produce all the symptoms and harmful effects of asthma, eczema, hives, canker sores, conjunctivitis (inflammation of the eyes), irregularities of the heart beat, contact dermatitis (a skin disease), sinusitis, rhinitis (inflammation of the nasal passages) and certain ulcer conditions. Swelling of the body tissues affected usually accompanies other allergy symptoms, and if the swelling occurs in the bronchial tubes, the symptoms are those of asthma; if in the brain, epilepsy; in the covering of the brain, migraine; in the colon, colitis.

Allergies may show up as a violent pain in the stomach, as itching of all or part of the skin, as indigestion, swelling and hoarseness of the throat, coughing, even convulsions. In case of widespread allergy shock can result and may be fatal unless treated quickly. It has been the cause of acute appendicitis. The extreme symptoms, which include nausea, vomiting and diarrhea, cause distress equal to that caused by any other disease known to medical science.

Since so many things can cause allergic symptoms, the first difficulty in treating the malady is in finding the exact cause. "We've got to be detectives," says Dr. Bram Rose, of Montreal, one of Canada's foremost allergists.

Take a typical case of medical sleuthing preparatory to treating a case of allergy. The patient was two-year-old Bobby, son of a Westmount, Que., railway employee. Bobby had a recurring and itching rash over most of his body since he was six months old. Bobby's mother thought it would eventually disappear, but instead it got worse. Bobby slept poorly, his appetite suffered and he became pale and thin. An allergist was consulted.

First, the doctor took a careful history of the family's medical background. He found that the mother was allergic to cats—"I start to sneeze if there's even one in the room," she said. The father had long suffered from hay fever.

The doctor decided that Bobby's rash was probably due to allergy, and that an elaborate skin test was necessary. So, twice in two weeks he injected under the skin of the youngster's back extracts of various foods and other suspect

Continued on page 43

That Chivalrous Savage ... Joseph Brant

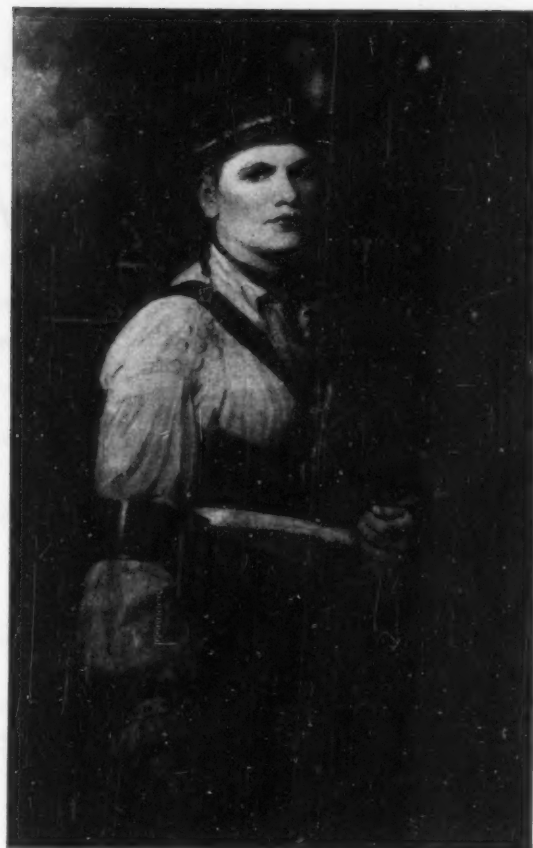
BY A. ELLSTON COOPER



BRANT'S SEAL

His admirers included the Prince of Wales, Talleyrand and biographer Boswell; he was at home in the salons of Mayfair and Broadway—yet the same Joseph Brant was also reviled as a murderous savage who led his Six Nations tribesmen on a warpath of blood and desolation in the Mohawk Valley

This portrait of Joseph Brant, by famed artist Romney, hangs in the National Gallery of Canada.



HISTORY knows few more controversial warriors than Joseph Brant, an Indian war chief who fought for the British in the late 1770s during the American War of Independence. Novelist Ned Buntline, who made William Cody famous as Buffalo Bill, once wrote a blood-curdling novel called *Thayendanegea*, Scourge of the Mohawks which was supposed to be an account of Brant's forays against the Americans in the Mohawk Valley during that war. He emerged from the pages as a murderous savage who left a trail of blood, burned-out settlements and desolation. American history holds a similar, if less barbaric, view.

By contrast, the Prince of Wales, who later became George IV; the Duke of Northumberland, Aaron Burr, James Boswell, Talleyrand, Volney and other prominent gentlemen called Brant their friend and admired his culture. Brant trod Mayfair's sophisticated salons in London, resided on Broadway in New York, and frequented some of the finest dining rooms in Philadelphia and Montreal. In Canada, the city of Brantford in southern Ontario, named after the warrior, has his statue in its most central park and civic officials still laud his name.

Somewhere between these divergent viewpoints stands the contentious figure of Joseph Brant, called *Thayendanegea* by his people, a name denoting strength. There is no question he was a warrior by choice. Dr. Eleazar Wheelock, first president of Dartmouth College, urged Brant to live a life of peace but the Mohawk replied, "I love the harpsichord well and the organ even better; but give me the drums and the bugles for they make my heart beat faster."

To most of the inhabitants of the Mohawk Valley a hundred and eighty years ago he was less a warrior than a fiend. Along six hundred miles of frontier in upper New York State women wailed and cursed his name when their men failed to return from battle, their reeking scalps hanging from the belts of his braves. A child crying in a frontier cabin was silenced at mention of his name, and in far-away Scotland Thomas Campbell, a leading poet, sharpened his quill to label Brant a monster.

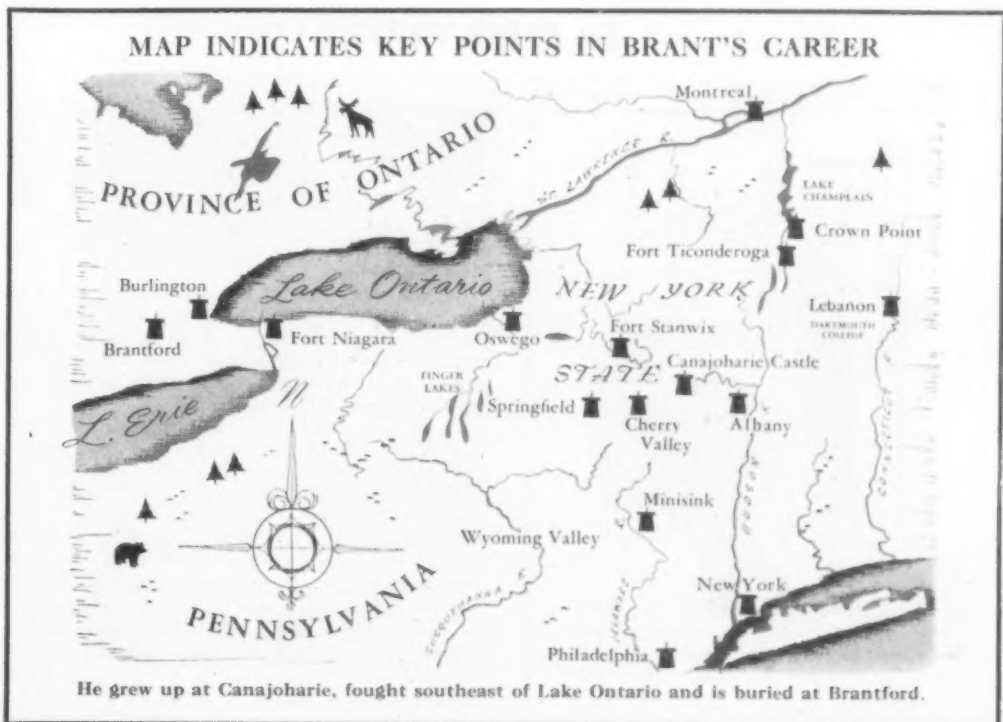
Brant's origin is obscure but James Boswell, the

renowned English diaryist who knew him in England, wrote in the *London Magazine* of July 1776, that he was the grandson of a Mohawk chief born in 1742 on the banks of the Ohio River while the Mohawks were on a hunting party south of Lake Erie. Louis Aubrey Wood, in a biography of Brant called *The War Chief of the Six Nations*, notes that some historians claim the warrior's father bore the English name of Nickus Brant. Others say that *Thayendanegea's* father died while the son was an infant and that his mother then married an Indian known to the English as Brant. At any rate he was Joseph Brant as he grew up along the Mohawk

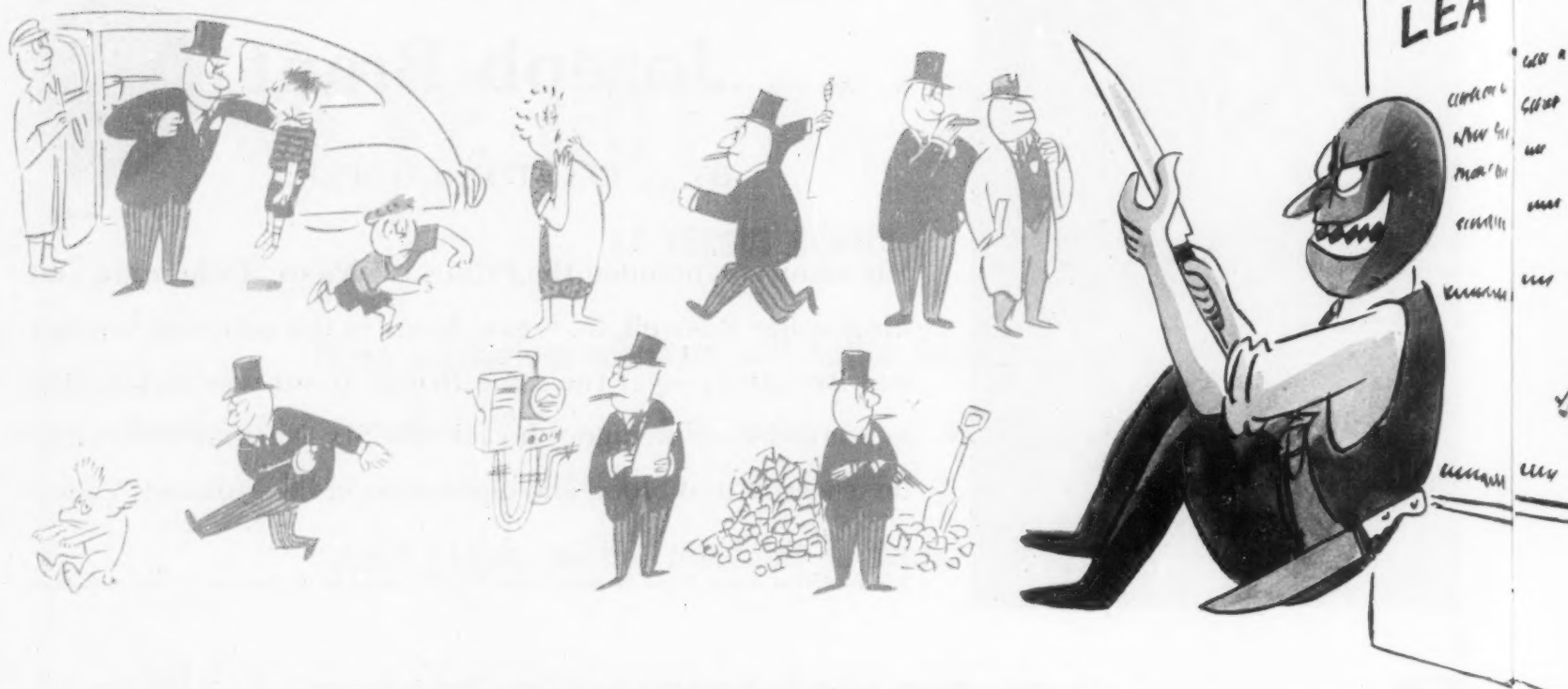
River in the western areas of New York State.

At maturity he was of stocky build, with the dark hair and eyes of an Indian but not the hawk's nose or the bronze skin; like some Mohawks, his appearance was almost European. Although of medium height he appeared tall because of the erect dignity of his walk. Brant spent most of his life in the Mohawk Valley but near the close of the eighteenth century he moved to land granted the Six Nations Indians by Sir Frederick Haldimand, Governor of Canada, on the Grand River in southwestern Ontario. Twenty-three years after Brant's death in 1807

Continued on page 46



Housing controls are rapidly being ended but the ancient vendetta between landlords and tenants shows



In this corner, the tenants' conception of all rich, cruel landlords.

THE LONGEST COLD

By EARLE BEATTIE



The landlord will take your wife if you don't pay and pay and pay. Is this bad?

TWO YOUNG WOMEN of Humber Bay, near Toronto, were having an argument with an older woman not long ago when they suddenly picked up a sixty-five-pound coal stove and threw it at her. The older woman testified in court that red hot coals fell out of the stove and burned her on the leg. The two aggressors were given suspended sentences.

On the other side of the Atlantic—in London, England—one July day two years ago, forty-one-year-old James Davies bit a seventy-six-year-old man named Sol Levy fifteen times. In court he pleaded guilty to causing bodily harm to Levy and drew a nine-month sentence.

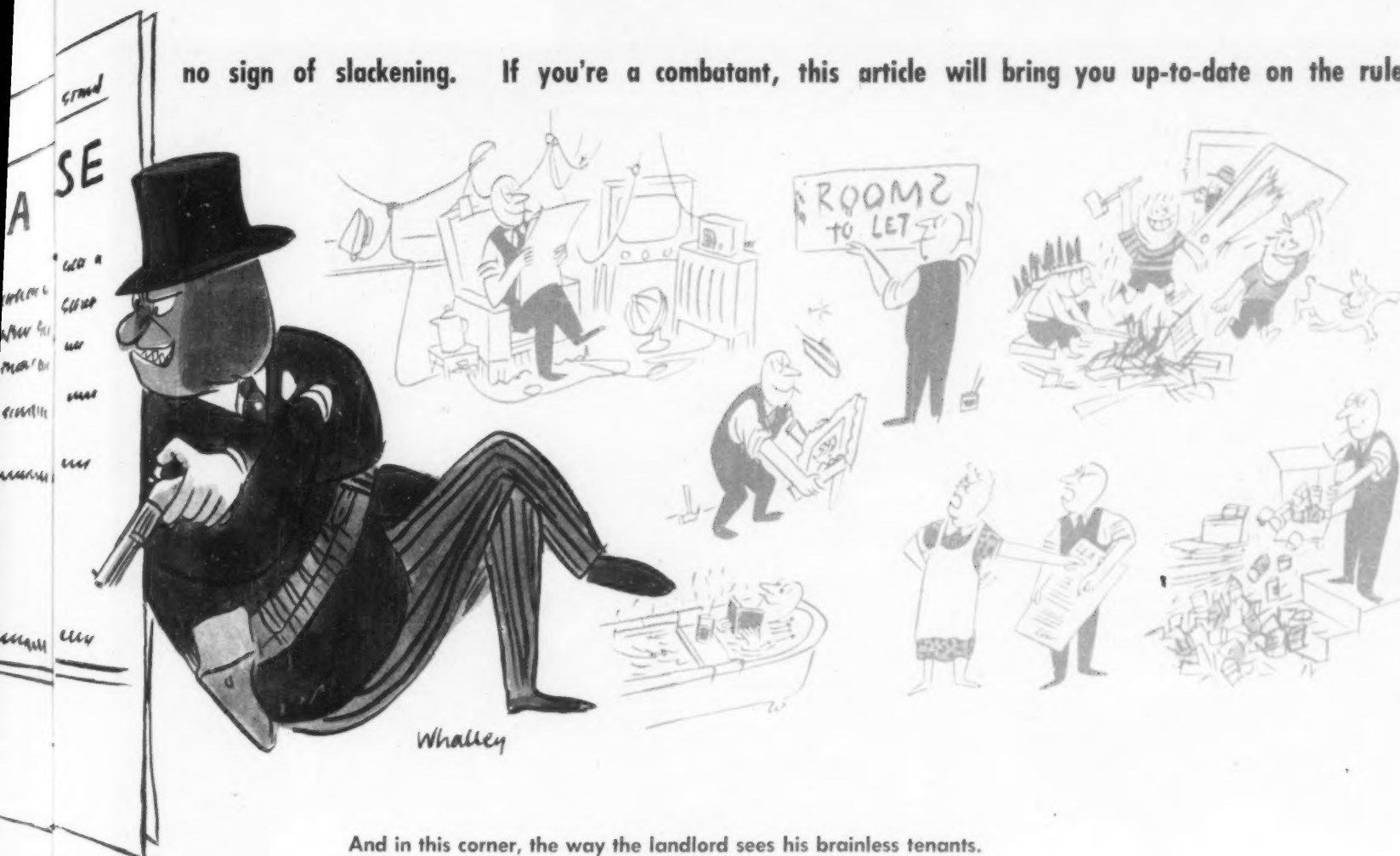
These two cases may seem unconnected but they're not. Both the young women of Humber and the carnivorous citizen of London were engaged in the longest cold war in history. They were tenants. Their adversaries were landlords. This never-ending and world-wide vendetta between tenants and landlords has produced a thousand peculiar stratagems, ornery tactics, ingenious fronts and flanking movements, with more in-fighting than the battle of Stalingrad. Its attacks and counter-attacks have centred on rent, upkeep, repairs, damaged premises, offspring, sub-tenants, heat, light, hot water, seizure of goods and eviction.

But it has also gone beyond mere rational causes

to become a tragicomic story of human cussedness that is as much a part of the times as traffic snarls. How else can anyone explain the behavior of a notorious Halifax landlady who used to slip into her tenant's apartment to fry eggs? Or the troubles of a newly married couple who went to Toronto from Saint John, N.B., in 1948? They found what looked like an amiable landlady willing to rent them a bedroom with shared kitchen and living room. But she came up with a quaint set of house rules based on her almost-psychopathic fear of squandering electricity, and skirmishing started. Only two of the four burners on the stove should be turned on at one time and one of these should be on low. The husband was not permitted to sit in the living room while his wife was in the kitchen because two light bulbs were burning when one would do if they stayed together. Other tenants had been subjected to the rules for years but were secretly hitting back by leaving the basement light on. Every time the landlady turned it off, one of them slipped back downstairs to switch it on again. In quiet desperation the young couple finally left for new quarters.

Such crafty tactics have been developed on landlord-tenant fronts in many countries. In New York Mrs. Ray Finklestein had her landlord, Max Berman, brought to the bar of justice for not

no sign of slackening. If you're a combatant, this article will bring you up-to-date on the rules



And in this corner, the way the landlord sees his brainless tenants.

WAR IN HISTORY

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER WHALLEY

providing enough heat in the winter of 1951. He was fined five dollars. Six months later they were back in court again. Berman had fired up his furnace on June 26 just as a heat wave got underway in the city and repeated the heat treatment on three other days. This time he was fined twenty-five dollars for violating the sanitary code.

In Suolahti, Finland, a sixty-three-year-old landlady tried to evict her tenants by exploding six charges of dynamite under the house. And in Juarez, Mexico, Carlos Solano ordered a wrecking crew to topple the walls of his house. Nine tenants were injured and Carlos landed in jail.

This behavior results when taut nerves give way and both sides come out snarling, biting, gouging, slugging and swinging odd instruments at each other. A Toronto magistrate last April dismissed a charge of assault against a landlady accused of biting the finger of her tenant. She said she did it only after the lady tenant pulled her hair, spat in her face and grabbed her by the throat. A more serious case involved another home owner who ended an argument with his tenant by striking him on the head with a sledge hammer.

The disputes raging around rented premises create thousands of courtroom dramas every year and many Canadian cities have had to set up a landlord-tenant court where the two parties can

slug it out verbally before weary magistrates. Take this little scene from a recent Toronto court session: The tenant, a married woman, told of going into the basement of a house where she met the landlord, who brandished a poker in her face.

He: Why did you call my wife an old witch? (Confusion in the court. Order gradually restored.)

She: Why don't you tell the magistrate what you call your wife?

He (leaning on magistrate's bench): Your Worship, what I should've done is collar her by the scruff of the neck and thrown her outside.

Verdict: Guilty of threatening.

Both sides in the longest cold war have at times been drawn up in full battle array. While tenants operate in guerrilla fashion, because of their vast numbers they exert enormous social and political pressure through labor unions, political parties, veterans' organizations and newspapers. And they have the advantage of having infiltrated the enemy's lines—they fight the landlord from inside the landlord's house.

The owners however are able to open fire from more organized columns through taxpayers' associations, real-estate boards and the Canadian Federation of Property Owners Associations. The CFPOA with branches in British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Ontario,

Continued on page 37



Standard lease forms are rigged in the landlord's favor. Tenant should get a lawyer to draw up his special contract.



Rapt Saskatoon Home and School Council hears Dr. Laycock, who is often the centre of attention. "That's why I became a professor," he once said.

THE BACHELOR WHO TELLS PARENTS HOW

By ALAN PHILLIPS



Saskatchewan's Samuel Laycock converted Canada's Home and School movement from a weekly coffee circle into a sizzling forum of argument and action for—and sometimes against—his revolutionary methods of turning children into tomorrow's responsible citizens

◀ Sixty-two-year-old Laycock has conducted a network School For Parents for eleven years.

OVER THE LAST ten years a Saskatoon psychology professor named Samuel Laycock, a plump, buoyant, benevolently smiling man in gold-rimmed spectacles, has pushed to the top of psychology's most dangerous field: telling mothers how to bring up their children. His achievement stands alone, monumental but disconcerting—for Dr. Laycock is a bachelor.

Once, after a speech to a Home and School Association in Moosomin, Sask., he called for questions. A woman in the audience stood up and asked, "Has Dr. Laycock any children?"

"No," said Laycock. "Have you?"

"Yes—four."

"And how many children did your doctor have?" asked Laycock.

"None, as it happens. He was a bachelor."

"Madam," said Laycock, "I'm surprised at you. I would have thought you'd have shopped around till you found a doctor with children of his own."

Laycock is dedicated to the job of helping children grow up into good citizens. Last spring, at sixty-two, he retired as Dean of Education at the University of Saskatchewan to devote his full time to persuading parents and teachers to think about their charges. "Children are human," he says. "Every one is different. Every time a teacher understands why a child made a particular mistake she's entitled to a good mark. Every time she can't understand she should go into professional sackcloth and ashes." Parents have the same obligation, he thinks, but first, parenthood must be elevated into a profession.

In his formidable mission Laycock has a powerful ally—The Canadian Home and School and Parent-Teacher Federation, which has doubled its membership in the last six years and now embraces two hundred thousand parents and teachers in three thousand local associations across the country. The federation claims that the home and the school must complement each other in training and educating the child. It promotes understanding between parents and teachers and gets them to work together toward the same objectives.

From 1945 to 1947 Laycock, as the high-voltage national president of the Home and School Federation, fought the apathy of parents on one side and the opposition of teachers on the other, and laid the groundwork for the movement's rapid expansion. He was well qualified to do this. In his twenty-six years at the University of Saskatchewan he taught thirteen hundred student teachers. At the same time, as a psychologist, he treated hundreds of mentally defective children in Saskatoon, interviewed thousands of students, and wrote scientific papers which won him an international reputation. His Laycock Mental Ability Test is widely used to measure the intelligence of pupils in grades four to ten. With a born teacher's zeal he began in the Thirties to broadcast and publish clear-cut conclusions about why some children become delinquents while others grow up to be good citizens. He decided that the responsibility for the delinquents, in most cases, lay somewhere between the school and the home and could be overcome if the two great influences on character formation operated as a partnership. This led him into the Home and School Federation.

As a one-time country schoolteacher Laycock knew many teachers thought parents were interfering amateurs and that Home and School would add to their extra-curricular chores. As a psychologist he knew many parents resented the teacher's authority over their children; for others, the teacher scarcely existed till something went wrong—till a child came home and burst into tears over something that happened in class. He had to show each group how Home and School would benefit them.

He took to the air, wrote articles and pamphlets and presented his views on public platforms from coast to coast. His whirlwind speaking tours drew big crowds. In one sortie through Nova Scotia he spoke to seventy associations in two weeks and met almost every public-school inspector in the province. Tape recordings of some of his speeches are still being used there.

To teachers he said: "Home soeps into the school



The psychologist made his lunch until he retired as Dean of Education at Saskatchewan University.



Laycock wears the scarlet robe and black hat of a doctor of philosophy, University of London, Eng.

at every point. Lots of retarded readers are emotional problems. The child who is upset at home has several strikes against him in learning to read. Suppose the father says, 'What good is poetry?' or 'Art will never get you anywhere.' Suppose the mother says, 'Mary's just like me—no good in arithmetic.' They come to school with a built-in disability.

"Develop skill in co-operating with parents," he told them. "It's not worth a hoot if you start off by saying, 'Tell your mother to come and see me.' Take the attitude, 'We're both fond of the child so let's see what we can do to help it.' Guard against any tendency to blame the parents for mistakes you think they have made. The mother is often acutely aware of her child's shortcomings. Don't make her feel any more guilty. Be sympathetic. Tell her the good things about her child first. Then find out how she handles the faults. Tell her how you handle them. Remember, what the parents think is important even if they're wrong. Co-operation will pay gilt-edge dividends."

To parents he said: "When your child starts to school you have to move over and make room for a partner in your child's development. The

old-fashioned report card isn't enough. It doesn't tell you whether Tommy is doing his best or just what is holding up his development. You and the teacher should search together to understand the origin of Tommy's problems. Perhaps his smart-aleckness is a bid for recognition, or his aggressiveness a compensation for feeling insecure with his teacher or with you or with his classmates. His defiance of authority may be due to too much pressure being put on him at home or at school.

"Invite Tommy's teacher to tea or supper. If you're annoyed at her, wait until you cool off. Don't forget, the teacher has feelings too. If you put her on the spot and attack her she's almost certain to be resentful. Start off by saying something nice—and sincere. Tell her your difficulties. Ask her what she's concerned about. Don't be a bore. Don't expect her to give you any pat prescription which will solve all Tommy's troubles. It's a joint searching."

In a pamphlet called *The Biggest Firm in the World: Home, School & Co.*, Laycock wrote, "Here are four partners . . . four sets of teachers: 1. the child's home teachers, his parents; 2. his playmate teachers; 3. his

Continued on page 34



The bachelor's "children" are those of Professor A. B. Van Cleave. They call him Uncle Sam. Dr. Laycock has written many papers on child study which have won him an international reputation.



the alien

.....
CONCLUSION

By W. O. MITCHELL

The Message of the Drums

*As his tragic saga rushed toward its close,
all the failures and frustrations that
had turned Carlyle Sinclair's life into a hell
of indecision reached their breaking point.
Now, only the throb of the tribal drums
seemed to hold an answer to his dilemma*

CARLYLE SINCLAIR'S Indian blood beckoned him from the white man's world to serve as teacher and agent of the Paradise Valley Reservation. Years of patient, dogged struggle with government red tape and with the Indians' stoic indifference finally seemed to bear fruit—better housing, better farm production, a plan under way for providing more land for the tribe. Above all, Sinclair was looking forward to the return of Victoria Rider, the pretty half-Indian girl who was his first pupil to graduate from high school and was now studying nursing. But suddenly his world seemed to collapse about him. Victoria returned—to bear an illegitimate child. The land program failed. And Sinclair's wife Grace, sympathetic but firm, decided to go away while he “worked things out”—alone.

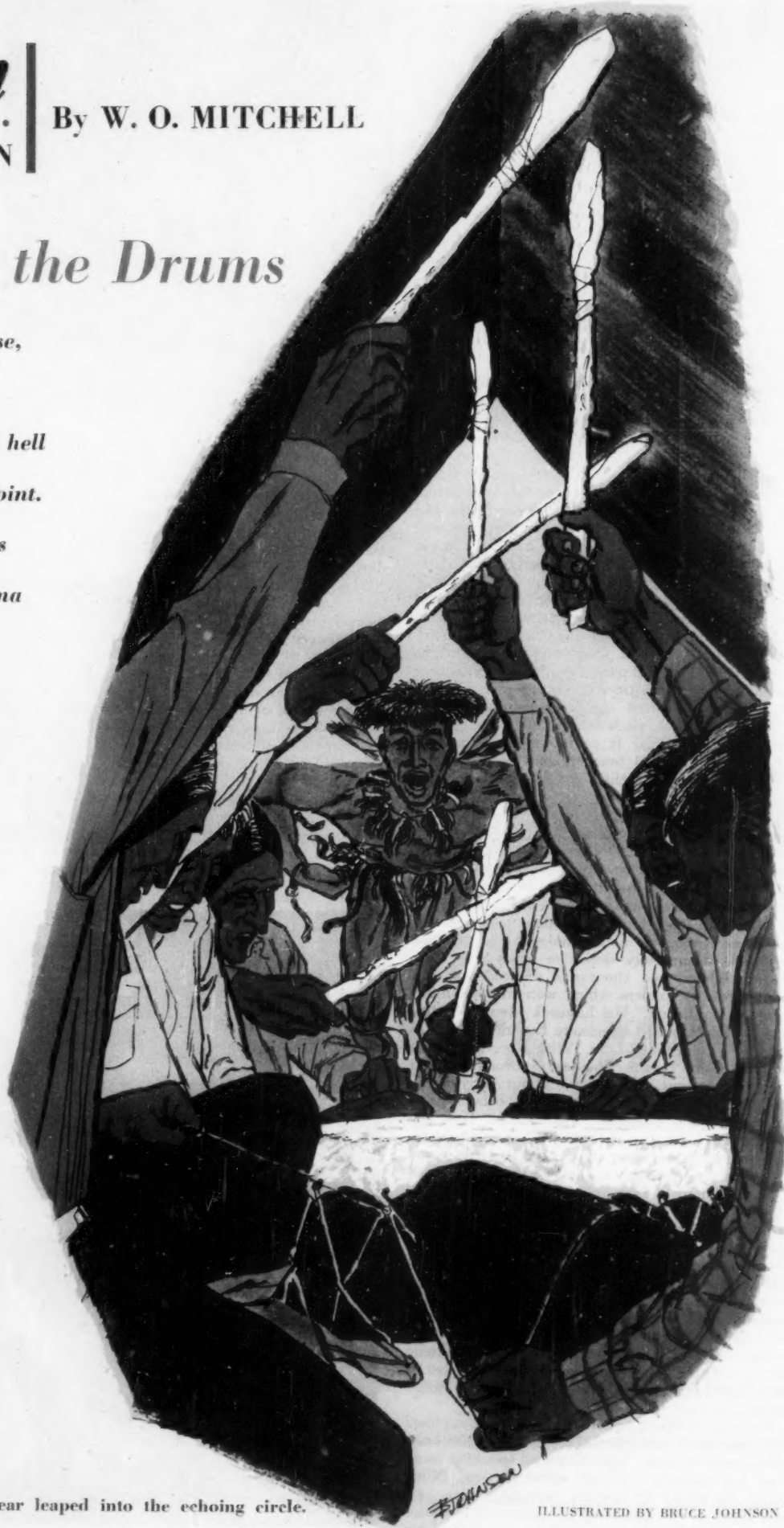
IX

JUST BEFORE DAWN he had left the agency and by the time the foothills sky had begun to band and streak with rose, he was well on his way. High rafting clouds burned momentarily and the arcing sky was brilliant above him as he went through the west reserve gate. Then in silence and strengthening morning sunshine he rode through the pungency of spruce, the subtle honey of wolf willow that silvered the river's edge. He stopped only at the ford to water his horses.

Loose in the saddle Carlyle heard the sucking sound of his thirsty mount, watched the grey pack horse lift its head with water stringing bright in the sunshine. The sorrel lipped the water, tossed its head disdainfully, then went splashing belly deep through the stream to lunge up the other side.

The act of crossing the stream so that it separated him from the reserve, the agency, the school and the Indians' tents and cabins themselves, blessed him with perceptible and surprising relief. It was as though the tireless fingers winding within him more and more tightly had faltered and loosed a turn. But it was a mistaken relaxation and he knew it. He could never escape the remembrance

Continued on page 28



In dazzling garb for the final dance, Matthew Bear leaped into the echoing circle.

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON

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1954 Monarch *Lucerne*

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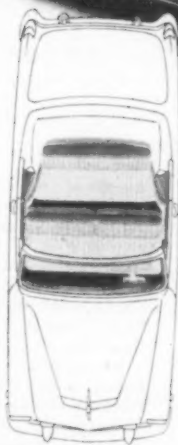
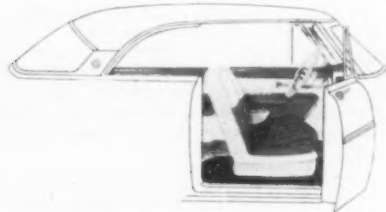
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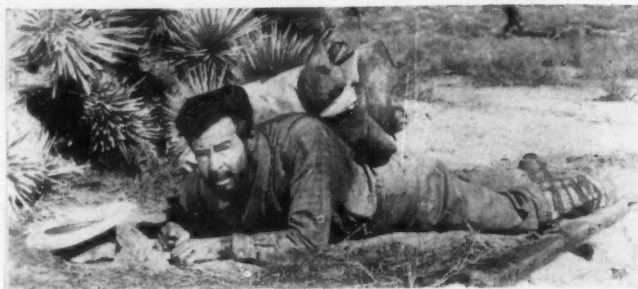
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Left to die, Robert Ryan stubbornly trails unfaithful wife in *Inferno*.

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BOTANY BAY: A slow and corny cruelty-at-sea mellerdrummer. James Mason as a convict ship's sadistic skipper, Alan Ladd as a rebellious prisoner, Patricia Medina as a fancy lady in the hold, are prominently afloat.

BOTH SIDES OF THE LAW: A sort of sequel, and a disappointing one, to *The Blue Lamp*, Britain's 1950 tribute to the glorious London bobby. Women police are the protagonists this time.

THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST: Except that it doesn't always satisfy normal curiosity about the daily details of the expedition, this is a superb documentary record in Technicolor of last year's Coronation Week ascent of the world's highest mountain.

DEVIL'S CANYON: Silly, but not funny, is this hackneyed jail-break yarn starring Virginia Mayo (in a series of filmy penitentiary blouses) as the lone woman among five hundred dangerous men.

FOLLY TO BE WISE: There is one hilarious episode (an anarchic "brains trust" discussion panel) in this otherwise confused and overlong British comedy. Alastair Sim is an amusing m.c.

INFERNO: A rich playboy (Robert Ryan), abandoned in the desert with a broken leg by his wife and her lover, decides to stay alive for self-vindication and sweet revenge. A fair outdoor adventure in 3-D.

A LION IS IN THE STREETS: James Cagney exhibits much of his old-time bantam force and magnetism in a story about a cotton-state fascist. But the movie compares weakly with *All the King's Men*, which it resembles.

MAN FROM THE ALAMO: Everybody thinks Glenn Ford is a coward but he proves himself to be a super-hero while defending a wagon train from Victor Jory's renegades. A western of average calibre.

VICE SQUAD: An unpretentious but enjoyable and persuasive cops-and-robbers drama with Edward G. Robinson in fine form as a detective captain.

Gilmour Rates

Arrowhead: Western. Fair.

The Band Wagon: Musical. Excellent.

Big League: Baseball drama. Fair.

Blowing Wild: Oil drama. Poor.

The Caddy: Golf farce. Fair.

Captain's Paradise: Comedy. Excellent.

The Cruel Sea: Navy drama. Excellent.

East of Sumatra: Adventure. Fair.

From Here to Eternity: Army-camp drama. Excellent.

Genevieve: British comedy. Good.

The Glass Wall: Drama. Fair.

Great Sioux Uprising: Western. Poor.

Innocents in Paris: Comedy. Good.

Island in the Sky: Drama. Good.

Julius Caesar: Shakespeare. Excellent.

The Last Posse: Western. Good.

Lili: Musical fantasy. Excellent.

Little Boy Lost: Drama. Good.

Malta Story: Air-war drama. Good.

The Master of Ballantrae: 18th-century comedy-drama. Good.

The Maze: Horror in 3-D. Fair.

The Moon Is Blue: Comedy. Good.

Powder River: Western. Fair.

Remains to Be Seen: Comedy. Fair.

Return to Paradise: South Sea comedy-drama. Good.

Ride, Vaquerol: Western. Poor.

The Robe: CinemaScope epic. Good.

Roman Holiday: Comedy. Excellent.

Sailor of the King: Drama. Fair.

Shane: Western. Excellent.

So This Is Love: Biog-musical. Fair.

Story of Gilbert and Sullivan: Musical biography. Good.

Sword and the Rose: Drama. Fair.

Turn the Key Softly: Drama. Fair.

Wings of the Hawk: 3-D western. Fair.

Yellow Balloon: Suspense. Excellent.

Young Bess: Historical drama. Good.



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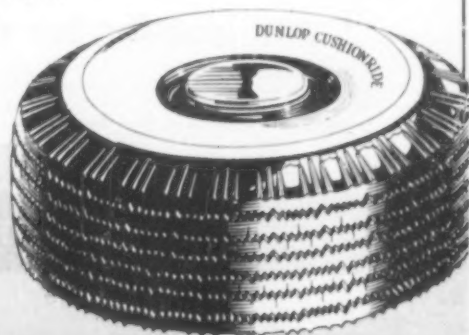
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The Alien

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

of Howard, who had died in his father's arms, of Indian councilors gathered in Old John's cabin to sign the power company agreement, of Victoria, who had been almost successful in achieving what he had hoped for her, or of Grace who had told him that he must work it all out for himself.

In the week since she had taken Sylvia and gone to stay with the Senator, he knew that he had accomplished nothing; he had not even given Fyfe the power company agreement to post to Gillis. He had managed to carry on the automatic duties of the classroom and the dispensary, to return in the evenings to confused and hopeless wonderings, the aching tension that would not release him for sleep or the clarity of disciplined thought. When he had saddled his horse the night before and ridden from the agency grounds he had begun a journey of deliberate flight.

In curved and imperceptible fall the sun withdrew as he rode on, lingering long over the upper ridges to the west, flushing the higher flanks with last light. The rocky spines and glacial peaks blazed steadily with purity unbelievable, a melting radiance that erased the dark veins and fluting rock. Where his trail came to the river again, he halted, staring up to lone clouds from which the day died last to leave the sky first the chill blue of smoke and finally the lightless grey that was hardly discernible from the darkness of the mountains.

Grace had told him he must work it out for himself. If only he could! If he could make any sort of beginning; if anything were ever accomplished by thinking—simply by thinking. She had seemed confident enough there could be a way out. He could hear the tearing crop of his picketed horses, the swish and crush of their idle hooves. An owl called several times—spaced as though the sounds had been deliberately laid upon stillness. Here perhaps he could manage some sort of detachment. At least he would sleep tonight.

A new sound had grown in the night—soft, distant, persistent. The bumping of a dance drum nudged the night. His ear strained for it—a dim pulse carried to him with the mustiness of sage and the sweetness of wild mint sharp enough to make saliva flow. They would be gathered in the long church and dance tent on the western edge of the reserve. As he stood listening, scents strengthened and fainted upon the chill air: the quinine of burning willow in his campfire, the burnt sweetness of civet from a frightened skunk far off, or perhaps from a pack rat close at hand.

The reiteration of the drum was unmistakable; he felt little surprise that it reached him at such distance, momentarily expected to hear the wild drift of the Owl song, clear and pure and thin.

He turned to his horses. A three-hour ride back to the dance tent—back to pick up a lost scent like a dog stitching over the sod for the faintest trace. Perhaps he might find it there. Perhaps.

HE DID not pull up his horse until he was a hundred yards from the long glow of the dance tent, where meaningless shadows threw themselves against walls and pitched ceiling, swelled, contracted, vanished senselessly to reappear gigantically once more. By the time he had tied up his horse,

his breath was coming easier. Just before the tent flap he tripped at a guy rope, caught himself, then stooped to enter.

For a moment he stood just inside, his eyes traveling round the ring of women seated in blankets along the tent walls, all with a cigarette cupped in a hand, cradling a baby or a child that turned to put up a butterfly hand to a mother's mouth or eyes. In a far corner with wooden cases piled behind him, he saw Webster Snow uncapped and hand out a ribbed bottle to Orville Ear, who bent his head quickly to cover the foaming neck with an expert mouth. Carlyle felt all their shocked dark eyes upon him, even those of the seated drummers with the drum thongs over their knees, sticks held upright for a signal from Louis Chinook. Only Louis with hands turned upward on his lap and smoked glasses owl-like under his black hat, seemed unaware of Carlyle's entrance. He sat with the stilled and patiently expectant look of the quite blind.

Carlyle saw Ezra come toward him, smiling with outstretched hand. The drummers' sticks came down as one in a tight roll of welcome. Ezra led him to a place of honor in front of the inverted wash tub cherry red with heat. The men, the women, the children took up again their interrupted smoking, snooze, chewing, spitting, gossiping.

A HOARSE COMMAND from Louis Chinook touched off the six drumsticks in the *tulip-tump-tip* beat of the Rabbit dance. Wayne Lefthand with head back, the cords out on his neck, eyes closed, started the song with a ventriloquial glitter of sound, and then the others came in with the hoarse *ah-hai—ah-hai* rising and falling in their throats like moths in chimney lamps.

The small children took the centre of the tent first: little Sarah Bear with an arm around the waist of Mary Jan Shot-Close; behind them came the adolescents, girl clasping girl and boy dancing with boy; there were few other couples. The evening had not yet warmed up and only a handful of the more conscientious married males were asking their wives to duty dance. A slowly coiling creature on many tan-bound feet, almost catching up with its own tail, the dancers shuffled by Carlyle. As the gap in the dancers drew opposite him, he caught a swift glimpse of her.

It required a moment for the contraction at his heart to ease off. In the crowded tent she sat alone in her blankets, an evident outcast, like deaf and dumb Sally Ear. The unmarried—the unwanted. He realized that he had not seen her for months—almost since the stillborn child had been delivered on the packed earth of her tent floor. At no time since then had she come to the house for anything; none of the others in their visits had ever mentioned her. Against his will he found his eyes anxious for another sight of her, wishing that the dance would drag to its end and give him a clearer view of her.

How was she living? Band rations only? Cutting her own wood—hauling her own water. One night one—another night another?

The Owl dance had ended. The dancers had just left the centre when there came a fresh roll of the drum and the sudden tinkle of bells. Matthew Bear stood in the flap. Now he was painted green and naked but for a salmon-colored breech cloth with fringed ends hanging. A porcupine hair crest fanned out on top of his head, and as he turned, two pheasant feathers wrapped with tinsel glittered down his back. Bells at his elbows,

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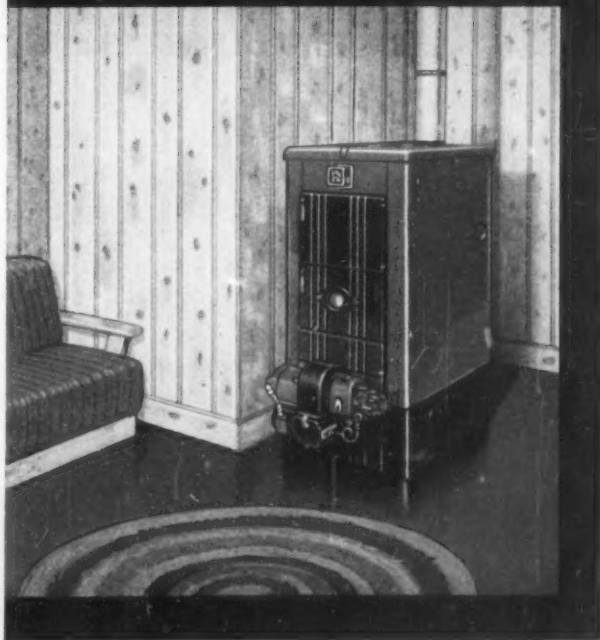
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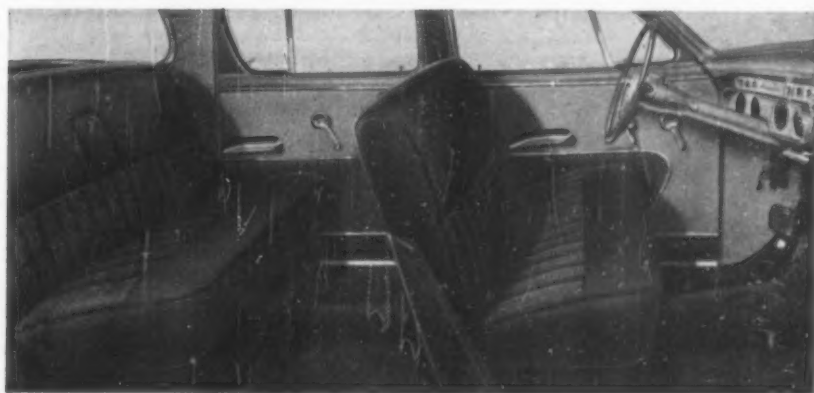
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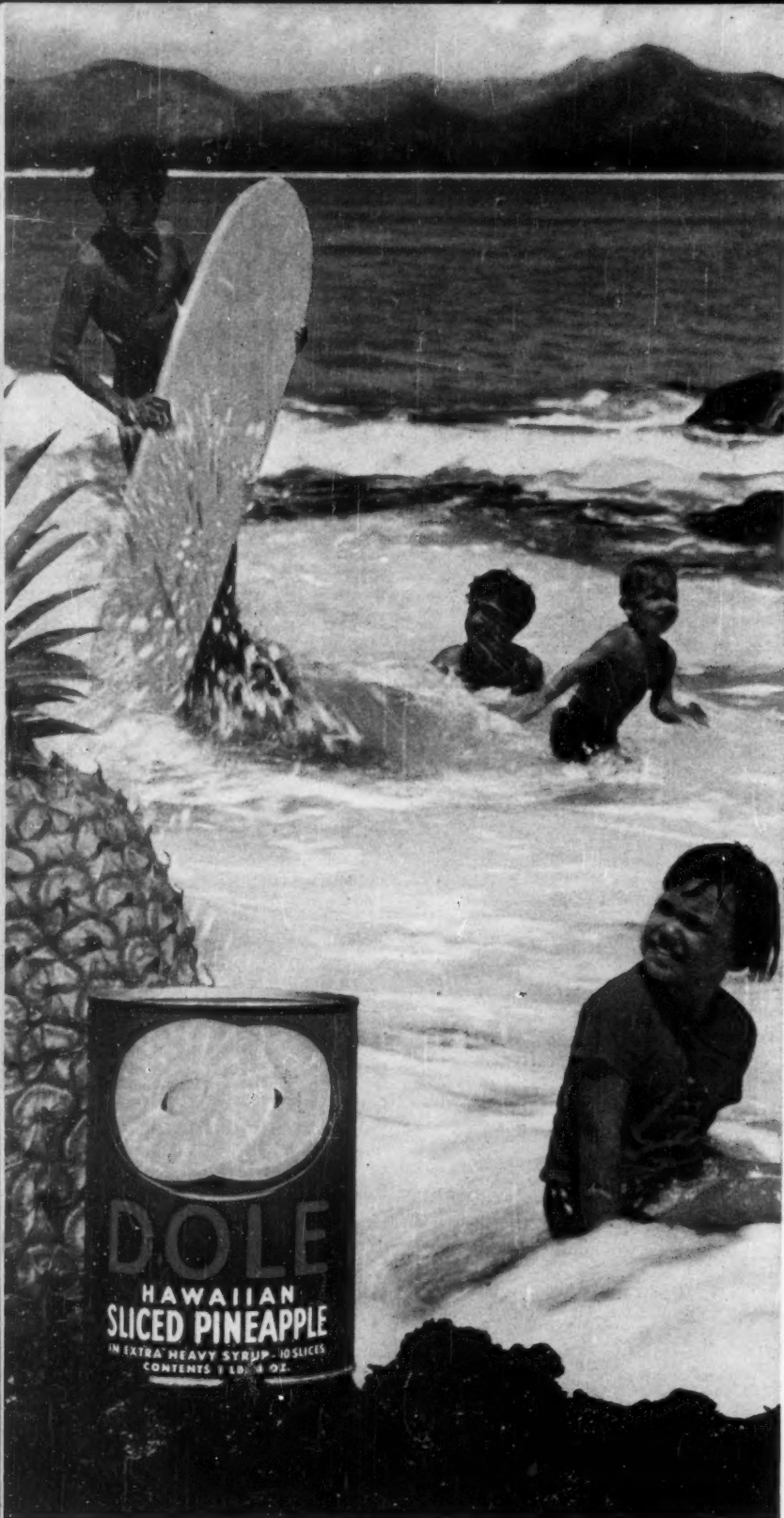
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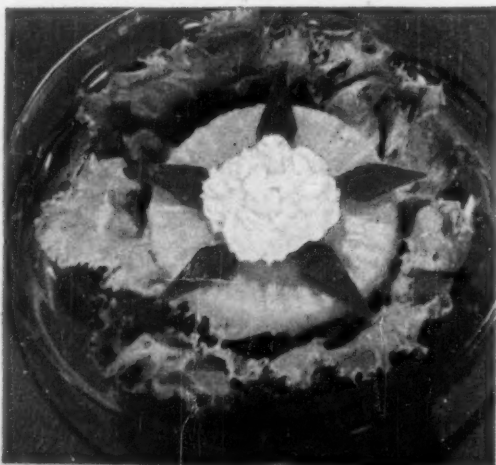
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his waist and knees and ankles, chinked with each step as he walked over to the drummers. He spoke with them a moment, one hand negligently on his hip, the inside of the wrist turned out. Now he was directly under the lamp-light, displaying a truly dazzling Matthew, hung with horsehair and weasel tail and grizzly claws at the waist, his shoulders caressed by a short soft cape of young eagle feathers tinted blue, breathing and living over his painted shoulders. He turned from the drummers, stopped halfway down the dancing tent, still with a limp hand on his hip, a cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth, eyes squinted against the rising smoke.

Carlyle's gaze sought out Victoria again. He felt mild impatience when he saw that her features were obscure under the gothic eave of her red satin kerchief. Unbidden there came to him the memory of her dark head bent with gypsy hair curtaining over a desk, one arm cradling a scribbler. Ten—eleven had she been? Stark, wild eyes—piquant face—cinnamon freckles over the cheekbones. What a sweet-heart of a child! And she had failed him! Utterly! She had failed him utterly!

BAM BAM BAM the six drumsticks as one lambasted the opening of the Prairie Chicken dance. Still with the smoldering cigarette in his mouth, Matthew dropped both arms loosely, ape-like down; with shoulders casually tilting, body lazily turning, he drifted round the tent, soft heel to hard earth, then toe behind and out and down to earth again. Slowly, carelessly, smoothly canting, he circled the drum in nonchalant rhythm. **BAM BAM BAM** the impatient drummers clubbed him slowly round the ring.

My child—my child. Oh God, you were my child! My child till Johnny took you—took you—took you. Twister Johnny—lying Johnny—handsome Johnny with his lies—lies—lies! Now all will take you—all will take you—all—all—all!

BAM BAM BUHBAM the drum's beat could not be denied. Steals a rope and steals a halter, leaves the old man blind. Steals a woman, grabs a girl and steals my child! Kills the child, killed the child—kill, kill, kill!

BAM BAM BUHAM the six drummers' heads lowered together, calling upon fresh fierceness from forearm and shoulder muscles. Unheeded the smoldering cigarette dropped from Matthew's mouth. Back and up his elbows came; faster his moccasins spurned the earth.

Wha-hoo the onlookers urged him from the sides. Wha-hoo quavered old John the councilor. Wha-hoo called Webster Snow as the jingle of Matthew's ankle, knee and elbow bells came round again. Wha-hoo—let 'em all warm up good—with the Owl and the Rabbit dance in between—the more they sweat the more pop they buy—the more pop they drink at ten cents, with two back on the bottle at five cents cost is a hell of a lot of money for Webster Snow. So beat it up—sing it up—heat it up. Get the drum bigger—get the drum faster—get the drum wider—spread her out big to sell the pop and beat the drum and sing the chicken dance swell. Tilt it up and plug down—down—down—down! Sweat it out, then plug her down again!

BAM BAM BUHBAM and the drums were still. Victorious, Matthew walked off to the side to rest. The voices of the six singers rose and fell together again in the Prairie Chicken dance. And now Matthew's back, glistening green with sweat in the lamp-light, was almost parallel to the ground, hips sharp angled, hands clawed. It

was as though the painted body hung from some great finger that idly danced him round in monotonous puppet epilepsy. More often, louder and freer, the wha-hoos curled and shrilled from throats to sting the dancer on. Shoulders working, weaving—dancing heel then dancing toe ahead, then back—across and down. Along the shadowed sides small boys were infected now; with hands in pockets and elbows crooked like Matthew's they bounced on stuttering moccasins to the bursting drum.

Stirred and dazed by the fierce assault of drum, Carlyle stared across to Victoria; just as steadily now she returned his gaze across the fire.

The second episode of the Chicken dance came to its violent end. Mrs. Wounded-Here-And-There passed before Carlyle, a length of carved bone in her hand. She stopped before Tom MacLeod, who took it from her and handed it to Mary Amos. In turn Mary crossed the tent and gave the bone to Johnny Education. Rage flamed in Carlyle's heart as he watched Johnny hand it to Lucy Roll-In-The-Mud. The useless, lying—laying—stealing Johnny. He tore his eyes from him and back to Victoria, saw with a pang that her place was empty but for her blanket. Filled with loss he searched the tent, then found her crossing the far end with the invitation bone in her hand. He lost her as the Rabbit dancing train obscured his vision, discovered her again at his own side of the tent, stepping out to avoid the seated women and children.

Just down from him she stopped by Elijah Race. So it was Elijah now! Elijah now! He turned his head away and he was sick—sick—sick! He felt Peter Bush's elbow nudge him. She stood before him, her head turned slightly aside, negligently holding the bone out to him. He rose. He took it. She walked by his side along the row of openly grinning men, women with half-cupped hands held up to their faces in exquisite embarrassment. Into Peggy Baseball's lap he dropped the obscene bone, then turning to Victoria, he placed his arm over her shoulders and took her hand in his. Chastely, side by side, they slid into the reiterative beat of the drum, clasped hands ahead of themselves in pump-handle motion, swaying from the hips—forward rocking—backward tilting, their feet marking out the domino tracks of a rabbit in snow. Her head was bowed, her eyes upon the ground. Ahead of them little Sarah Bear peeked back over one shoulder, giggled, missed a step, failed to catch up the beat of the drum again and, tearing free of Lucy Wildman, ran mortified to the shelter of her mother's skirts.

At the end of the Rabbit dance Victoria returned wordlessly with him to his side of the tent; there they watched Matthew pitch into the Prairie Chicken dance again, rested by the interval, cooled by four bottles of cream soda. In the dusk of the lantern light edges all eyes glittered now, mouth hung half open; children were stilled upon their mothers' laps. Magnificent Matthew was being glorious now in the dance that was beautiful and wonderful and right. All things paled and all were one—were one under the driving drum! Under the smashing drum!

But who cared now—who cared for tabes and for scabies and for sabre-shinned little babbies in the deep trachoma dusk! Who cared now if the belly rumbled high, if the belly rumbled low. Canvas and rags and cardboard kept you warm in the forty-five below. Let the fevered baby cough and the night sweats come. To hell with warping rickets that crippled little crickets born in buckskin sin! Ottawa

sends us nurses and X-ray machines for the heart that pants for cooling streams. The Presbytery loves us though our sins be scarlet as the welling spit that fills the fountain full with blood. Thirty days in jail with the agent going bail, the grabbing hold of girls and incestuous relations known to all the nations—they are fun—fun—fun! So we lash the hidden instinct wolf and we club—club—club! We club the earth—the Methodist earth! We club the earth and burst the earth! We burst it with disdain!

Hardly aware that Jonas had left the centre of the tent to rest, Carlyle found himself holding Victoria's warm hand again, his arm thrilling to the living pressure of her shoulder. It was the Owl dance this time with Wayne Lefthand picking up the thread of song. Sweet and exquisitely rippling, frail bird of purity lifting, smooth as the breeze on a foothill flank, sinking to soar again into utter rarity. Now the others flew after him—vainly—vainly—only nearing the unattainable purity to drift fluttering, tilting down. Helplessly, sadly down.

The Owl song faded. Carlyle guided Victoria back to her place.

And now, with the silent drum still numb in his blood, Carlyle sat shaken and moved as he had never been moved in his life before. By what process had he arrived in this tent flickering with lamp and firelight, surrounded by his mother's people finding the periodic and primitive anaesthesia that made their life bearable for them! How had he come through the bogs and muskegs of obscurities and pettinesses and practicalities—to an untenable territory of selfishness! Through a carelessly lost faith in other men—discovery of insignificance in their lives—in his own? How had he been able to blind himself to the vivid need of these people!

Without the assaulting drum, Wayne's voice took up the end of the Prairie Chicken dance, pulsing soft as the sea in a shell held to a child's listening ear.

The beginnings had been imperceptible, Carlyle knew now, were now far from recall—the first spent melancholy—the loosening tautness of mind—the original blinding flash of contempt.

Through the still night the song strengthened as sun clearing itself of cloud. The others came in with hoarse-veined chant to throw him higher, lifting and lifting again with their deep strength.

That was it. Contempt for the ordinary, petty, distracting and demanding, turbulent and tyrannical and tawdry, the petty and pointless absurdities of human existence! He had truly found for himself with one rip of the veil the cheap value of a man clearly worthless in the wilting light of his contempt.

For one brief heartbeat the singing faltered. The drum exploded; it shattered the storm centre calm, it filled the tent with a tossing surf of sound. It sent Matthew round the rainbow ring of satins, silks and kerchiefs, lower and lower working to the swift wild beat of the sticks' blurred arcs.

He was truly one of them and of the human race and he had failed them. He had turned from Victoria selfishly; he had turned from Ezra and from Prince and Matthew, from Toots and Gatine and MacLean Powderface; he had turned from them all with tired impatience when he had signed the inadequate power agreement. He had turned from Grace and from his own children to lose the value of all people. He must turn back to them, their hopelessness undiminished, for the turning back and being of them was the cardinal thing. Perhaps succeeding for them was only an illusion, never attainable, but God, how important

and how right! He must join them again with conviction and with faith!

Who cared—who cared! Who cared now! Only the now remained to them. The winging, singing now so great that only death could greater it. Greater than pain, stronger than hunger or their thin images paled with future, dimmed by past? Only the now remained forever flowing—endlessly rising and beautifully faceless—pulsing and placeless—now!

Drum and song and mind and watching band were one under the bruising drum that ruined all things which bound them.

There would be other Victorias who would try with his help; they would go further or not so far, might even succeed, but at least there would be direction and that was the important thing. That was the important thing—that and being part of them and of all others.

He stood up within the dim tent—unnoticed—made his way to the tent flap. He must tear up the power company agreement; it must never be sent to Fyfe or Ottawa. He must phone Grace.

Just as he stepped out into the night,

the drum was stilled with one lambasting sound. As though he had been held up by its solid beat, Matthew, in a catalepsy of muscular tension, fell flat to earth—spread-eagled in utter exhaustion. Wonderful as birth, terrible as death, harsh as rape, unimportant as failure, the faultless Prairie Chicken dance was over and done. ★

CONCLUSION

CHEESY BEAN RAREBIT

Heat in a saucepan 1 can (15 ounces) Heinz Oven-Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce. Melt 1 cup (4 ounces) shredded process sharp cheese in double boiler; blend in 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon Heinz Worcestershire Sauce and ¼ cup milk; heat, stirring often. Serve hot beans on slices of hot buttered toast; top with the cheese sauce. Makes 4 servings.

BRUNSWICK STEW

Cut 1 pound veal cutlet into 1-inch pieces; brown meat and ¼ cup chopped onion in ¼ cup shortening or salad oil. Add 1 can (20 ounces) tomatoes, 1 can (20 ounces) drained whole kernel corn, 1 can (15 ounces) Heinz Oven-Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce or with Pork and Tomato Sauce, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Cover and simmer until meat is almost tender—about 45 minutes; uncover and simmer 15 minutes. Blend together 2 tablespoons flour and 3 tablespoons cold water; stir into veal mixture and stir and cook until smoothly thickened. Makes 6 servings.

Because they're
BAKED! BAKED! BAKED!

Beans are good. Baked beans are better. Oven-baked beans are—well, you'll say they're the best, when you get the kind baked in real ovens by Heinz. Try all five kinds of Heinz Beans, either alone or combined with other foods. The dishes shown are among the ideas you can get for year-round treats from our Oven-Baked Bean Recipe Booklet. Write H. J. Heinz Company of Canada Ltd., Dept. S.P., Leamington, Ontario.

STUFFED TOMATOES

Cut a slice from stem-ends of 8 large tomatoes and scoop out pulp; drain pulp. Sauté 4 slices cut-up bacon until crisp; remove from pan. Add ¼ cup chopped green pepper to the bacon fat and fry until tender. Combine 1 can (15½ ounces) Heinz Oven-Baked Beans with Sliced Wieners, bacon, green pepper, drained tomato pulp, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Fill into tomato shells and bake in moderate oven, 350°, until tomatoes are tender—about 25 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

HEINZ
Oven-baked **BEANS**

love among the penguins

Romance is a rocky enough road for human beings. But if you happen to be a penguin, it's a super-obstacle course.

You have seen pictures of penguins. Can you tell a male from a female? No. Well, strangely enough the romantically-inclined penguin is in precisely the same predicament.

However, he has a solution. He presents a pebble or a feather to the penguin of his choice. If the gift is ignored, he knows he has found a maiden as yet unschooled in the art of flirtation. If it is accepted, he has found his one true love.

The system has its hazards, though. He may be rewarded with a vigorous peck, indicating that he has made the mistake of selecting a staid old bachelor!

Life for penguins and people is often confusing. However, when on the lookout for a refreshing ale the situation is uncomplicated. For the connoisseur, the right ale will be plainly identified with the word "Molson's" on the label. The love affair between Molson's and ale-quaffing Canadians has been going on now since 1786, and the bonds of affection grow stronger with every passing year.

You don't need pebbles or feathers. Just plight your troth with those three little words: "Make Mine Molson's".

The Bachelor Who Tells Parents How

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

community teachers (church, community leaders, social workers); 4. his schoolteachers. What would you think of a business firm where each partner would have nothing to do with the other? They'd go bankrupt. Is raising citizens less important than making money?"

Soon, people were calling the crusading bachelor "the ambassador between the home and the school." When his term as president was finished he retained his influence through the key post, chairman of the school education committee. His pamphlets became known as "the Bible of the Home and School," and are widely quoted today in the U. S. as well as in Canada. At the world-wide movement's last international conference in East Lansing, Mich., Laycock was selected to make the summing-up address.

Some Home and School officials feel Laycock tries to go too far too fast. They think social activities are sugar coating, that people can only be led to consider the problems gradually. Some are mothers who have grown resistant to the continual flow of implied criticism from a bachelor. One woman sums up this sentiment: "If Dr. Laycock had three or four children of his own underfoot he'd soon get rid of some of his theories."

At a Home and School meeting in Saskatoon a few years ago six hundred people turned out to hear Laycock speak. Many were mothers with youngsters in their arms, and here and there, as the speech wore on, the children started to cry. Laycock raised his voice; more children were disturbed. As the crying of the children and the shushing of the mothers grew in volume, Laycock's voice became more intense and he ended his speech in a magnificent shouting climax.

Mrs. G. H. Headley, provincial Home and School vice-president, rushed up to him. "Dr. Laycock," she said, "you were wonderful!"

"For goodness' sake!" said Laycock hoarsely, "tell them to get some baby-sitters next time."

"Dr. Laycock," said Mrs. Headley, "that's the best thing that ever happened to you. Maybe now you'll understand how it is with a mother."

Unabashed, Laycock tells mothers what to do about everything from bed-wetting to preparing teen-agers for marriage. He tells them bluntly what's wrong with Home and School: "They're not supposed to be money-raisers—we've established now that the whole community is responsible for the school. They're not a ladies' aid to the principal. They're not grievance committees. They're not community clubs to hear lectures on everything under the sun. Not that coffee after a meeting isn't a good thing—if it's good coffee. People who won't get up on their hind legs and express themselves in a meeting will talk about their problems over coffee. Home and School has one purpose and one purpose only: to foster the growth and development of children in home, school and community."

Laycock is so completely confident of his aims, his methods and his abilities that he sometimes gives an impression of rather smug self-satisfaction. This is heightened by a rather naive vanity. On returning from a trip to the west coast last year, the first thing he told one friend was, "I've been to sixty-two receptions."

Even friends remark that when

Laycock goes to a social gathering where he is not the centre of attention, he grows uneasy and leaves earlier than usual. There is a story (told by his university colleagues) that he once asked the famous London psychologist, Dr. C. E. Spearman, for an analysis.

"You have a necessity," Spearman told him, "to want the centre of the stage."

"I realize that," Laycock is supposed to have replied. "That's why I became a professor."

His friends say his vanity is unpretentious, never belittles others, and consequently is seldom irritating. Laycock is completely free of maliciousness. He will criticize an idea but never a person. He wastes little time deploring things. He has a large amount of what Dr. Wendell MacLeod, the University of Saskatchewan's Dean of Medicine, calls "determined good will." "He's a do-gooder," says MacLeod.

His convictions and talents have made him a leader in the Twentieth-Century battle over how children should be taught. The "traditionalists" (many top business and professional men and arts professors) say we should get back to the three Rs and get back fast. They claim the best way to train a student's memory, judgment and reasoning is by stiff doses of classics and mathematics. The "progressives" (most professional educators) say one learns what one practices. So they want to teach knowledge, skills and attitudes that will best serve the student after he leaves school.

Personality Distinction

Laycock is a right-wing progressive. He points to experimental evidence which shows that memorizing poetry can be a downright hindrance in remembering stock quotations, that reasoning developed by parsing a sentence is of little help in reasoning out a family problem. He insists on a mastery of subject matter but he doesn't think a teacher can "pour education over a child like syrup over a pancake. Growth isn't just intellectual—it's physical, emotional and social," he says. "The business of the school is to develop boys and girls who can live together happily and effectively. Subject matter is a means to this end, not an end in itself."

In 1944 the National Committee for Mental Hygiene asked him to survey the effect of a teacher's personality on the pupils. Laycock visited one hundred and fifty-seven classrooms. One morning he went into a grade ten class where a teacher was giving social studies. The response was excellent and he thought this was the best class he had ever come across.

That afternoon he dropped into a mathematics class. It was pandemonium; students were talking, laughing, throwing things. It took him some moments to realize that this was the same class he had seen so perfectly behaved that morning. Only the teacher was different.

"It's unbelievable," he says, "how the atmosphere of a classroom is affected by the teacher's personality. A tense teacher has a tense class. A dithery teacher, a dithery class. A bossy teacher has either a resentful or a meek class. The whole child comes to school—we can't isolate his brain—and nothing will thwart his growth more surely than an insecure, self-centred, frustrated, or unsympathetic teacher."

"Many teachers," he states flatly, "talk eloquently about 'democracy' and deny it in almost every act and attitude. They don't like children, they merely endure them. They think dull pupils aren't worth their efforts, while

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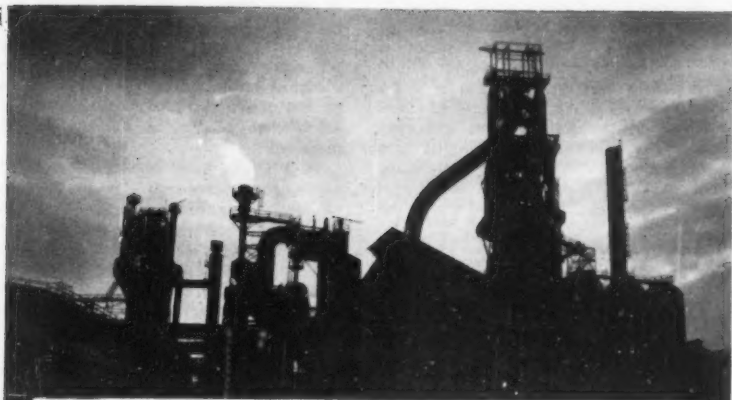
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HAMILTON

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

ON SALE JAN. 20

the bright ones will 'get by' anyway. They look on children of different races and creeds as 'foreign' and 'queer.' They think of discipline as keeping pin-point quiet, and when they leave the room bedlam breaks loose. There's no training in self-control, they rule by force and fear. They don't ask why a child misbehaves, they take it as a personal affront to themselves. They use sarcasm, ridicule and strapping freely, believing that to humiliate a pupil and lower his self-esteem is the best way to deal with him. They dominate; their class turns in a good examination paper but they've done all the work, the talking and thinking. They berate isolationism in class, but avoid parents or civic responsibility like the plague. The result is to produce citizens fit for a fascist, not a democratic state."

Laycock was an early missionary for a healthy mental attitude not only for teachers but for all people who exercise influence over others. He helped set up mental-health clinics in Saskatoon and Regina, where social workers can bring in people with personality problems for psychiatric care. He gave courses to student nurses on mental attitudes which help the patient get better. He lectured student lawyers on the psychology of divorce and the rights of children. He set up summer-school seminars where theological students learned how to counsel the bereaved, older people, parents with handicapped children. When he retired from the University of Saskatchewan last spring so many organizations paid him tribute that Laycock says, "I no longer have any curiosity about my funeral."

The well-known Toronto child psychologist, Dr. C. M. Hincks calls Laycock a hypermanic, by which he means "a going concern, only more so." On a typical day as a professor, Laycock would arrive at his book-lined office around 9.15, wearing a sober suit with a flashy tie, his white hair neatly brushed, his eyes bright and his manner brisk. Immediately the mail came in he would start to dictate (*Dear Mrs. LaFlamme: With regard to your youngster's lefthandedness. My advice is to let him follow his natural bent.*), sitting straight up in a hard chair, thumbs in his vest pockets, pausing only when one of his full-time staff of five would pop in with a problem. He would clear his desk in-time to deliver a lecture, lunch alone in his office ("to save time"), chair a meeting or two, then break away to get downtown for a broadcast. In the evening, still brisk,

he might drive across town to make a speech, or write in his room in the King George Hotel.

Laycock used to take his crowded schedule at breakneck speed, obsessed with saving time. One of his colleagues wrote a memo once that began: "Beware of the Black Streak"—poking fun at the way he drove his car. Today his tactics are aimed at conserving energy. He plans incredibly far in advance. His Christmas cards—he sends out about four hundred—are ready to mail in October. He used to set up his schedule for spring examinations in November. Last April he planned his activities day by day for six months after retirement. "I must have plans," he says, "I never drift."

A recent trip to Europe illustrates Laycock's "no drift" policy. First, he wrote away for an armful of literature. From this he decided what he wanted to see. One of his destinations was Prague. On arrival he hired a guide and told him where to go. Then before he left Prague he bought postcards of everything he had seen. On the train to Vienna he studied the postcards with the guidebook on his knees. Two days later he went over them again.

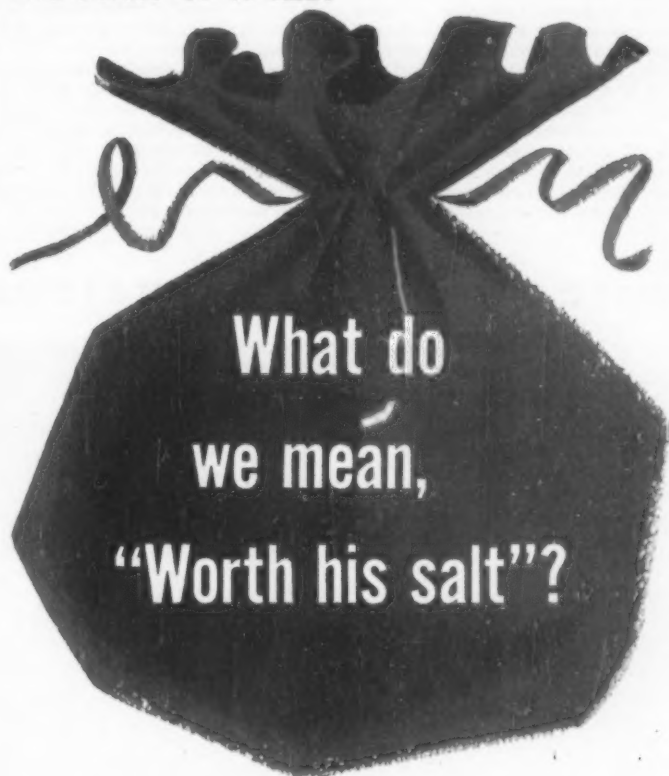
"The curve of forgetting is very steep at first," he says. "You forget most in the first forty-eight hours. I knew I wouldn't be able to go to Prague again, but now I've got it for good. I can bring back Prague in my mind's eye any time. The average tourist comes back and says, 'Were we in Prague?'"

It's All in the Training

Laycock's memory is legendary on Saskatchewan's campus. One of the rituals of the university's annual alumni dinner, where ex-students reunite, is to have Laycock make the introductions. One by one, he will introduce men and women he has not seen for years, never faltering, usually adding some personal remark. A good memory, he says, is simply a matter of training. As the term opened his students were required to turn in a photograph, which Laycock would study until name and face were indelibly associated.

Before the war he shared a five-room apartment with his mother. When his mother died he moved into the King George Hotel in Saskatoon with his books and his semi-classical records. He entertains by giving dinner parties in the hotel. When asked why he has never married he passes it off

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M-33

with: "Nobody will have me."

In recent years his dwindling energy has forced him to drop golf, fishing and hunting. But he still enjoys driving on long cross-country trips, bringing back color photographs and reams of statistical information, such as the number of miles and acres of parkland he drove through. A year afterward he will still be writing letters on hotel stationery collected during the trip.

Unlike many psychologists, he is religious. Recently, although he's an ordained Methodist minister, he switched to the Anglican Church. He says he

likes the ritual, but friends suspect he is more at home in a church that doesn't lay too much emphasis on original sin. As a social scientist, Laycock doesn't think there is any such thing as a bad child, only a lucky or unlucky one.

Laycock was one of the lucky ones. His parents, of Scottish, English and Irish descent, had little education but they were intelligent, hard-working, and moderately well-off. They brought him up on a two-hundred-acre farm near Marmora, Ont., the youngest of four boys and a girl.

He was a precocious child. At nine, he had read the family atlas, a history of the world, and all the works of William Shakespeare. His father would pay him a quarter to recite a poem from memory in a given length of time. Both parents praised him extravagantly and his relatives thought him a holy terror. A visiting aunt once said frankly, "My, that's an awful child. None of mine were ever like that."

At school he was always the youngest in his class, the frequent butt of the older and bigger boys. He determined

to show them. At sixteen, he was teaching and studying Greek in his spare time, with his eye on the ministry. At twenty-one, with the University of Toronto behind him, he was teaching probationers, all older than himself, at Alberta Methodist College in Edmonton.

In 1916 he came back east to enlist as an army signalman. His first action, at Passchendaele, had no effect on him. "I had over-steered myself," he says. He served near Cologne in the Army of Occupation, writing twelve hundred letters home in a year. A base post-office man once remarked, "Laycock gets more mail than anyone in the army."

The war showed him human nature at its best and its worst. His interest was turned away from the classics. Back at the University of Alberta he switched to the brand-new field of psychology. In 1925 he went to London to study under the brilliant Dr. C. E. Spearman. Two years later he came back to Canada to teach the psychology of education at the University of Saskatchewan. He became one of the leading lights of the Canadian Mental Health Association, an associate editor of two U. S. professional magazines, advisory editor of Parents' Magazine and a frequent speaker at meetings of the International Council for Exceptional Children.

Today one of his scientific colleagues says, "I wish he'd stop writing so much. He's repeating himself. He's capable of bigger things." By bigger things he means more research. But knowledge was never an aim in itself with Laycock. He was always far more interested in passing knowledge on. "Primarily," he says, "I'm a teacher. And, by heck, one of the things I've learned is that just because you say a thing once, it doesn't mean you've put it across. What do your advertisers do? Say just once that their soap flakes are good? They do not. You have to keep hammering away."

He Picked Saskatchewan

He is sometimes accused of being folksy. "Perhaps I am," he says. "I'm willing to take the rap for putting things simply. The main thing is not. Are you popular? but, Are you sound? And I'm jolly careful to present what I think is the best knowledge there is. Take comics, for example. I think I winnowed about all that's known on the effect of comics. Then I came to what I thought was a reasonable attitude. Then I tried to put it in human terms."

Laycock has built up a faith in himself that is often mistaken for self-satisfaction. He says, "A lot of ministers are embarrassed by the quotation 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' They think it contradicts humility. But if you haven't a reasonable amount of self-esteem you can't love your neighbor. If you're shaky and tottering around inside, you can't spare any love from yourself."

He has faced his personal problems squarely and with courage. He suffers from gall bladder trouble and arthritis of the spine. Characteristically, he has surveyed all the nursing homes in Canada and decided that Saskatchewan will give him the best care in the days when he can no longer look after himself.

In the meantime, he hasn't decided yet where he will live, but he does know he doesn't intend to take life easy. He still has a lot to tell mothers about bringing up children. As for being a bachelor—"Well, there's an old saying," he says. "You don't have to be a hen to know if an egg is bad or not." ★

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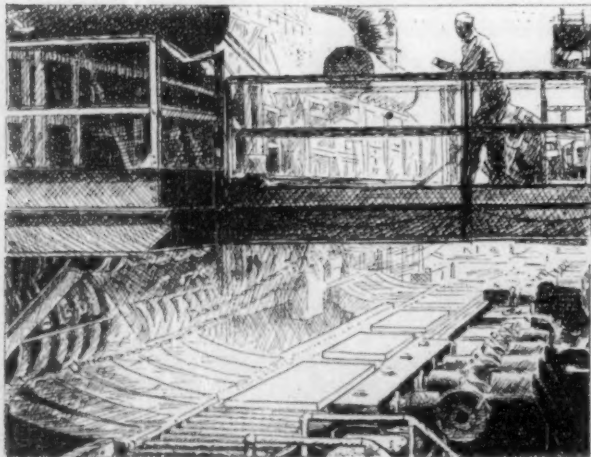


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The Longest Cold War in History

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Quebec and New Brunswick is their general staff. Quebec province has sixty branches, Ontario has thirty-nine. CFPOA members include small home owners, commercial firms, hotels, building management firms, builders, office building owners and theatres. They own one hundred and sixty-seven thousand properties in Ontario alone.

CFPOA landlord propaganda on taxes, rates, housing plans, civic improvements, social welfare and rental legislation is spread by press and radio and from the public platform and has constantly bombarded rent control.

It has been a seesaw battle. During the depression the tenant was on top, picking and choosing his house or apartment at will and frightening wayward landlords out of their wits by threats to move. Then as the war approached landlords took the offensive. But visions of a rising wartime market for them were shattered in 1941 when the federal government clamped down its Wartime Leaseholds Regulations, freezing rents for all types of dwellings, practically forbidding eviction and providing penalties for infractions.

The Tenants in the Middle

Rent increases were possible by appeal to the Rental Board but decreases were also possible and the machinery was cumbersome. The tenant was on top again. Many landlords went underground to strike back at the regulations; they forced the tenant to buy the key to the premises for prices up to five hundred dollars, they sold decrepit furniture for exorbitant prices, they charged a bonus or extracted money on the side from hard-pressed tenants. And tempers flared on both sides as the longest cold war in history reached its hottest phase.

Caught in this deadly cross fire between landlord and tenant, the federal government longed for the day it could get out from under. That day arrived ten years later. In March 1951 Ottawa dumped the whole wearisome burden on the provinces. In the decade rents had edged up from an average of twenty-four dollars a month to thirty-four dollars, a forty-two percent rise. Only two percent of tenants had paid more than sixty dollars a month rent in 1941, but by 1951 fifteen percent were paying above sixty dollars. The number of tenant-occupied dwellings, not including farmhouses, by 1951 totaled 1,106,770 according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics.

Now on the offensive again, the landlords gained their first beachhead in the Maritimes as Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island passed responsibility onto the municipalities. This practically ended rent control as few municipalities accepted the burden. Newfoundland retained the Rent Restrictions Act it set up in 1943. The other provinces set up their own codes. But decontrol had been proceeding gradually and was now accelerated. By 1952 about seventy-five percent of all Ontario municipalities were entirely free of rent restrictions and Premier Frost has announced that all Ontario provincial controls will end March 2, 1954. Industrial centres can take over if they wish but there is little likelihood they will. Toronto City Council on Oct. 19 rejected by 17-4 a motion to hold a plebiscite on city rent control as once again tenant

and landlord factions clashed. "We are going to have chaos on March 2, make no mistake," cried Controller Ford Brand. He called for city-operated rent control. Two weeks later a delegate to the Ontario Property Owners Association convention called him a "rat" in irate landlord style.

With the Ontario rental walls breached, landlords expect those of Newfoundland, Quebec, the prairies and British Columbia will soon fall too.

Thousands of Canadians are asking themselves where they will stand as

landlords or tenants when the whole crumbling structure is finally swept away and the spectre of rising rents again appears.

When control ends, the cold war will be held in check only by (1) historic landlord and tenants acts in statute law which governed it before rent control, (2) by leases, and (3) by "case law," the decisions rendered over the years which have set precedents in housing disputes. These deal with the rights and obligations of landlords and tenants concerning such touchy matters as rent, upkeep, repair, notices to

vacate, other services and legal procedures to take when either party fails to measure up. Rental control, of course, will be a mere relic and landlords will be free to charge what the traffic will bear.

Tenants and landlords can then square off against each other in two ways: (1) with a lease, or (2) without a lease on a month-to-month basis. The second course will probably bring both parties to blows quicker. It means the landlord will have less-responsible tenants, frequent changes and more work and expense in re-letting, while the

how to plan a dream...



A COSY HOUSE, a warm fire, and John Bradley day-dreams about next year's vacation. But John knows from experience that careful planning of all details is necessary if his family is to enjoy every minute of those two weeks next summer.

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2 of sweet (2 parts sugar) or syrup.
3 of strong (3 parts Myers's Jamaica Rum)
4 of weak (4 parts water and ice)
Add a dash of Angostura Bitters. Stir.
Serve very cold in a tall glass with cracked ice. Add a maraschino cherry.

EGG NOG

Pour 1 oz. Myers's Jamaica Rum into a shaker.
Add ½ oz. of Cognac or Brandy
1 teaspoon of plain syrup
1 fresh egg. Plenty of chopped ice
Add nearly a glassful of rich milk.
Shake well and strain into a tall glass.
Sprinkle grated nutmeg on top.

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month-to-month tenant can be put out on a month's notice. The statute law and case law will be the referees.

Five Canadian provinces have Landlord and Tenant Acts. In Nova Scotia it is called Act Of Tenancies and Distress for Rent. In Quebec it is part of the Napoleonic and Civil Codes. In Alberta it is an Act to Regulate the Rights and Priorities of Landlords, but this concerns only a tenant's bankruptcy. Prince Edward Island has no law other than the 1951 Emergency Rental Act to regulate disputes, and Newfoundland similarly has only its wartime legislation, the Rent Restrictions Act of 1943.

A lease, if it is drawn up fairly, will probably bring as much harmony as cold-war combatants can ever expect to achieve. This is a solemn contract between two persons setting forth the rights and duties of each and its terms are usually upheld in court. But where a lease offers no guidance for a point under dispute the court may consult the old Landlord and Tenant Acts.

Tenants should beware of the standard lease forms sold by stationery stores for ten to thirty cents. These are drawn up by lawyers for the stationers and as landlords are the chief buyers they are rigged in the owners' interests. The tenant would be wise, where hundreds of dollars and living conditions are involved to pay a lawyer ten or fifteen dollars to draw up a contract protecting his special interests. Of course the landlord may brush the tenant's lease aside and insist on the standard form; the tenant's second line of defense would then be to scrutinize the clauses carefully, try to strike out some and write in a few of his own.

The standard lease, for instance, requires the tenant to make all repairs with the exception of "reasonable wear and tear" and damage by fire, lightning and tempest. A North Toronto tenant thought this left him wide-open and succeeded in getting his landlord to add a clause accepting liability for damage by "floods, explosions, war (declared or undeclared), Queen's enemies, insurrections, saboteurs, riots, civil commotions, acts of God and structural defect or weakness" and "any damage ... from gas, water, steam, waterworks, rain or snow."

Many Ontario tenants, even when they've read every word of the small six-point type in their standard leases, still don't know what they're signing for. At the top of the lease is the phrase: "In Pursuance of the Short Forms of Leases Act." This means that many of the clauses are a short form of the law and the full wording can only be found by reading the Short Forms of Leases Act in the Ontario Revised Statutes. As most tenants never read the act they are literally signing for obligations they never see.

The tenant's best cover is a private lease negotiated with the landlord term for term; the landlord's weapon is the one-sided standard lease. The field of battle rages around these vulnerable points:

Late payment of rent: A Montreal man wrote his wealthy absentee landlord asking that the date of payment be changed from the middle of the month to the end of the month. His mild request acted like a detonator on the landlord who opened up a barrage of abuse by return mail, wrote his tenant's boss, rushed into town and, denied entrance to the house, climbed up on the roof in sheer frustration.

He should have known that federal rent control allowed the tenant two weeks of grace. Quebec's provincial control regulations, Act to Promote Conciliation between Lessees and Property-Owners, now allows three weeks leeway, and when Quebec rent control

ends the Civil and Napoleonic Codes will permit a tenant without a lease to be three months behind in his rent before action can be taken. New Brunswick's Landlord and Tenant Act gives a tenant only three days to pay up, B. C. gives him seven, Manitoba fifteen and in Saskatchewan he has two months unless the lease says otherwise. If the tenant signs a standard lease he'll find he hasn't got a single day of grace.

Short payment of rent: Sniping back at the owner who refuses to make repairs, a tenant often pays the plumber or carpenter out of his own pocket and deducts the amount from his rent. According to statute law, case histories and standard lease forms, this is the same as non-payment of rent and the tenant can be evicted. The Ontario Short Forms of Leases Act specifically warns that rent must be paid "without any deduction whatsoever." A Toronto health officer not long ago compelled a tenant to fix his sewage pipe. The tenant complied and deducted the bill from his rent. The landlord who had ignored the problem sued him, and the tenant had to pay the amount withheld plus court costs. In the days when stamps were still required on cheques another landlord had his tenant evicted.

BIRD NOTES

Budgies talk, canaries sing.
And starlings hold conventions;
Robins bring the signs of spring
And storks bring tax exemptions.

JEAN LEEDALE KNIGHT

for non-payment because the tenant sent in the rent cheque unstamped.

Non-payment of rent: This clears the field for a knock-down fight on eviction and seizure of chattels. The standard lease is quite aggressive in the case of non-payment, permitting the owner to walk into the premises "to take possession of any furniture or other property ... and sell the same at public or private sale without notice."

Statute laws in seven provinces permit the tenant to keep certain personal items. In Nova Scotia these include clothes, beds, six plates, one pair of andirons, one spinning wheel, an axe, saw, fishing nets and ten volumes of religious books. In Manitoba the books of a professional man are exempt from seizure. But if a tenant signs a standard lease none of these will be exempt because in one clause the tenant agrees to waive all exemption benefits set forth in the statutes.

While landlords load themselves with ammunition in standard leases to take the law into their own hands, most of them follow—for safety's sake—the procedures laid down in statute laws. In B. C. for instance the landlord can, after giving the tenant seven days to pay up, obtain a summons from the county court giving the tenant three days to say why he should not be put out. If the tenant fails to make a case the court then orders him to leave the premises and if he stays on sends a sheriff to put him out. Then the rent is declared in arrears and the way opened to sell the tenant's goods.

But tenants with leases can keep their premises, according to the statute laws, if they pay the rent and court costs before execution of the eviction order. This provision conflicts with the landlord's absolute power to evict in standard leases but courts decide between the two on the merits of the case.

If the tenant's goods are seized for

non-payment of rent, statute law makes it necessary to sell them at a public auction. Nova Scotia's Of Tenancies and Distress for Rent law requires the landlord to post five handbills giving notice of the sale five days in advance and to sell the goods for the best price. Any cash raised over and above the arrears must be paid to the tenant. If a landlord takes too much the tenant can appeal to the court.

Don't sneak your goods off to the neighbor's or hide them in a shed either if you're a tenant in arrears. All provinces have penalties for this. In Manitoba and Ontario the landlord can collect double the value of the goods spirited away. In New Brunswick he can collect three times the amount if the goods come back into the tenant's hands through trickery.

When a landlord exercises his right to "distrain" goods his victory is often a Pyrrhic one as the value of the tenant's goods isn't worth the trouble. Tenants should know though that the furniture they're buying on the installment plan can be taken and sold for back rent. Statute law and leases also give landlords priority claims in cases of bankruptcy.

Failing to keep in repair: On the right flank of the main battle over rent is the local action raging around upkeep and repairs. Who's responsible for what? Standard leases require the tenant vaguely "to repair" except reasonable wear and tear. Despite this Ontario tenants who sign these leases often phone their landlords when a tap breaks or the toilet won't work to demand repairs and get quite self-righteous if he dawdles. He could easily reply, "Fix it yourself and get it done in three months or out you go." The Short Forms of Leases Act sets the time limit.

No clause in the standard lease commits the landlord to repairs but as he is responsible to apartment tenants for heat and water he can be expected to repair a broken furnace or a plumbing defect due to wear and tear. Tenants without leases have only a verbal agreement to rely on and the general custom. Few provincial statutes offer much on this issue. Quebec's Code is unusually specific. It requires the landlord to make all repairs except such lesser repairs as those to hearths, plastering, broken windows, doors, blinds and hinges, which are the tenant's job. Repairs due to "age or irresistible force" are for the landlord.

One clause in the standard apartment lease pledges the tenant to strict observance of twenty-eight "rules and regulations" which follow the regular covenants. According to this Spartan set of rules the tenant can't throw ashes into the water closet, erect awnings without getting the landlord's consent, keep inflammable goods on the premises, put objects on the outside of window sills, leave water running, put hooks into walls, leave broken windows broken, make improper noises, throw articles out doors, down passages or through skylights, keep an animal on the premises, keep a parrot or other noisy bird, do cooking if there is no kitchen, hold an auction sale, play instruments or a radio after 11 p.m. (they haven't caught up with the television set) or allow the premises to get dirty. The tenant must keep hardwood floors waxed, put down rugs and move out any member of the family who comes down with an infectious disease.

Needless to say landlords generally don't attempt to enforce such regulations, but they could in times of stress.

Damaging of premises: Earl Whitewood, a Toronto real-estate man, tells how he had to check up on two tenants who were ignoring the rent.

The dirt on the apartment floor was so thick he had to scrape it down with a coin to find out it was an oak floor. The basement was filled with undulating hills of ashes sloping into the washtubs with tin cans poking up here and there. The wooden coalbin had disappeared as fuel. Then he checked on the garage.

"In cases like this, it usually goes for firewood too," he commented. But here, oddly enough, everything looked perfectly in order. Then he opened the garage doors and found himself staring into the field beyond. The back

of the structure wasn't there.

The tenants left on their own volition. When a tenant runs amok like this in rented premises the landlord can end the lease and sue for damages by virtue of the statute laws and the standard lease forms. A Vancouver landlord once sued his tenant for allowing bedbugs to infest his house and won the case. But if the tenant's chesterfield is damaged because the roof leaks the standard lease forms make it impossible for him to collect. This clause reads: "The lessor shall not be liable for any damage to any

property at any time in the said premises or building from gas, water, steam, waterworks, rain or snow which may leak into, issue or flow from any part of the said building . . ."

Standard leases exempt the tenant from damage due to fire, lightning and tempest.

Heat and water failure: Standard leases make the landlord responsible for heating an apartment during the winter, usually October 15 to May 15, "up to a reasonable temperature." That's all he contracts for and if it's cold before or after the set dates it's the

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tenant's tough luck. Many hot words have been exchanged in the cold war over heat and what constitutes a reasonable temperature. Seventy degrees is considered standard. Holders of house leases provide their own heat.

If the heat is cut off or not maintained at a reasonable level tenants can take two courses of action: they can sue him for breach of a covenant in the lease or they can appeal to the local health board. A Toronto apartment-block owner let his furnace go out during the war rather than obey an emergency order to convert from oil to another fuel. The tenants moved into a hotel, then sued him for damages. The court ordered the landlord to reimburse them for the hotel bills but ruled that no "general damages" need be paid the tenants for personal inconvenience. That was because their standard leases stated, like all such leases, that "should the lessor make default (e.g. for heating) he shall not be liable for indirect or consequential damages."

When heat and water are cut off tenants usually use a more immediate weapon, the magistrate's court. Hundreds of landlords are hauled into Canadian police courts every year because they refused to obey health department orders to provide their tenants with heat or water.

Hot water often becomes a fighting point, too. For some strange reason standard apartment leases ignore any mention of who's responsible for hot water. Tenants should see that a clause to this effect goes into their leases.

Trouble with taxes: As landlords usually pay all taxes and rates, trouble on this front is limited. But in districts where taxes for separate schools are higher, a few skirmishes have occurred, leading to a minor religious war. One Hamilton landlord insisted that all his tenants, Catholic or Protestant, declare themselves supporters of public schools. To avoid this issue recent standard lease forms have added a new clause "that if the lessee (tenant) be assessed as a Separate School Supporter he will pay to the lessor a sum sufficient to cover the excess of the Separate School tax over the public school tax, if any, for a full calendar year." Some ardent Protestant landlords have found themselves helping to finance Catholic education by not including this clause.

Sub-letting strife: A large number of agile tenants have successfully infiltrated the landlords' lines by camouflaging themselves as landlords. And nothing makes a landlord angrier than the discovery that his tenant has sublet several rooms and is now making more money out of the house than himself. The landlord has to pay all the taxes and make major repairs while the landlord-tenant has few worries about overhead. This situation was vividly dramatized recently when the furnace broke in a Toronto house and the case went to court.

"Who's responsible for buying a new furnace?" Magistrate Elmore asked in summing up the futility of the whole situation. Not the owner, he said, because the tenant had let the house to eleven sub-tenants. They could look to the tenant for a furnace but the tenant couldn't be expected to buy one as he paid rent to the owner. And as the eleven sub-tenants were even further removed from responsibility his solution was that "the best idea is for everybody to move out." Standard leases and statute laws require the tenant to get the landlord's permission to sub-let.

Not giving enough notice to vacate: A lot of grief in landlord-tenant troubles stems from the fact that the two sides often try to part company without sufficient notice. Standard

lease forms usually require tenants to give a month's notice if they pay monthly. If the tenant fails to give notice he becomes a month-to-month tenant but on many leases landlords write in clauses saying that the lease is automatically renewed for a year or two when no notice is received. The term of notice varies from province to province. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick require three months' notice for a yearly or longer lease. The Quebec law requires no notice for leaseholders. If the tenant remains on the premises eight days after the lease ends it is regarded as a "tacit renewal" of the lease for one year or for the term of the lease if it is less than a year. In Quebec, as in some other provinces, annual leases are drawn so as to end May 1 in the case of a house. In Manitoba, New Brunswick and Ontario a tenant who doesn't get out after he



MACLEAN'S

has given notice has to pay double the rent for the time he overstays.

Tenants are required by standard leases and statute law to leave their premises in good repair, with allowance for reasonable wear and tear during the tenancy.

Obeing these covenants the regular rent-paying tenant receives a promise in statute laws and standard leases of "quiet enjoyment." This, however, is legal double-talk and means neither quiet nor enjoyment. It simply means that the landlord can't come on the premises any time he wishes and throw his weight around. He's allowed to enter the premises at reasonable times to show prospective tenants around.

One tenant sued his landlord for breaching this rule because the landlord had slapped the tenant's children and threatened to wring their necks and cut the tenant's throat. The court held no breach of "quiet enjoyment" had occurred as the action took place in front of the house, not on the premises.

These are the rules and tactics for house-to-house warfare but if either side should seek peace in this longest cold war in history it will come when landlords and tenants know their respective rights and duties and negotiate realistic, modern and fair-minded agreements, eliminating areas of blur, then stick by what they've signed for.

That should neutralize armies of otherwise nice people and stop them from throwing hammers, stoves, fists and miscellaneous articles at each other; biting, scratching, spitting and shouting; kicking the furniture, smacking children around and hauling each other into congested courts across the country. But somehow there seems small chance it will actually happen. ★

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

there were many Tories, including himself, who would refuse to vote for the service estimates.

This was something new. This was not only mutiny but rebellion. A government that could not carry its service estimates through would have to resign. It would mean there would be no pay for the regular forces nor the expenses of normal military requirements.

If the socialists had been wise they would have kept quiet and allowed the Tories to play the picador to their own bull. But in the excitement and the sense of drama our old friend Emanuel Shinwell could not keep quiet. After all he had been secretary of state for war in the Labour Government and he had a priority right to intervene.

Carefully he first asked Churchill how much it would cost to give the pensioned officers the increase that was being suggested. After the figures had been given, Shinwell asked if Churchill would not agree that so small a sum could hardly be regarded as substantial. Once more we heard the old plea that the baby was such a little one.

This was too much for Churchill. It is not in his nature to offer the other cheek but rather to return two blows for one, and he had been behaving with extraordinary self-control. For him of all people to be denounced as the exploiter of the helpless veteran officer! For him to hear that he was being callous, cynical and even cruel to his comrades in battle who had become the casualties of peace! Like Hitler, his patience was exhausted.

But still keeping his anger under control he rose and pointed his finger at Shinwell, taunting him and the socialists for this sudden sympathy for ex-officers. "I think it remarkable," he shouted above the din, "that Mr. Shinwell in the long years in which he and his colleagues were in office, if they felt so strongly on the matter, did not deal with it themselves."

But even that did not allay the storm which swept against the Prime Minister from both sides of the House. The unkindest cut came, like the thrust of Brutus against Caesar, from a gallant Tory war veteran named Brigadier Peto. "Are you aware," shouted Peto, "that your answer today will be regarded by those few old officers who still survive, despite the cut, as a betrayal of the trust they have previously held in you?"

In the noise and excitement Peto had forgotten the rule of the House that an MP of whatever rank must be referred to in the third person and not in the first.

The astonishing thing is that Churchill kept his temper. No one doubted that he was deeply hurt. No one doubted that he was deeply resentful. But he would have been less than human if he had not risen to declare: "I was well aware that the answer I gave would not be received with satisfaction, and it was for that reason that I felt it ought not to be given by a departmental minister but by someone speaking with the authority of Her Majesty's Government."

Just for the moment the tempest lessened. We are a strange lot in the British House of Commons but as a unit we have a swift generosity that can extend at times even to our opponents. We realized that Churchill had deliberately gone to the storm centre although there was no logical reason why the junior minister should not have taken the brunt of the attack.

But, cruelly—and I think too cruelly

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—it was left to young Major Legge-Bourke to drive home the knife. "May I ask the Right Honorable gentleman..."

To the public that is quite harmless. To the people in the public galleries it meant nothing. But to those of us on the parliamentary benches it was the very refinement of rebellion. This, I agree, requires an explanation.

There are two kinds of MPs in all British political parties: the few who are Privy Counsellors become "My Right Honorable friend" to members of their own party, or "My Honorable friend" if they are just ordinary MPs. Within a party everyone on the floor of the House is a friend of one degree or the other, while in the enemy camp he is either the Honorable or Right Honorable gentleman.

Therefore Legge-Bourke's reference to Churchill was one of calculated mutiny. He was addressing Churchill as one outside the party. The Labour members spotted it at once.

Colonel Lipton sneered: "So the Right Honorable and Gallant gentleman (Churchill) is no longer the Honorable and Gallant gentleman's friend now?"

I do not want to pose as a detached arbiter of such a scene. The tendency of a writer is always to retain a degree of detachment. Therefore, I did not join in the uproar for the simple but formidable reason that I could see something in both sides.

What Would You Answer?

Undoubtedly Churchill had referred these questions to Chancellor Rab Butler. If I knew that there had been such a conference I would not set it down in print, but simply as an observer of the political scene I assume that the matter was so discussed.

Again, pursuing the path of logic, I imagine that Butler said: "These ex-officers have an undoubted claim upon us and if it were an isolated case I would grant their demands. But we must remember that we are the Conservative Party. If we selected this solitary example the socialists would shout that we only recognized the claims of the poor and underprivileged when they happen to belong to the officer class. It would make my deliberations with the trade unions more difficult and it would bring all sorts of claims of ex-civil servants, old-age pensioners, service pensioners and widows upon us. Hard as it is—and it has brought a row from our own chaps—we simply have to say that the recovery of the nation must be put before the claims of any section of the nation."

Now I ask any reader of Maclean's to say what he would answer if he were prime minister and if the chancellor of the exchequer put those arguments to him. I must go further and ask myself what my own attitude as a British MP should be.

I do not doubt the complete sincerity of any of my Tory colleagues who opened fire on Churchill. It takes considerable courage in a political party to attack your leader in the open. All my sympathies were with the little forgotten band of half-starved ex-officers living out a wretched, humiliating existence on something far worse than half-pay. Yet I found myself acutely conscious of Churchill's position.

There is much hardship in Great Britain because we fought against Nazi Germany from the first day to the last and paid a terrible price in gold and blood. No one wants to be reminded of that—certainly not the U. S. A. and probably not the Commonwealth. The old actor who tells everyone that he

once played Hamlet is a bore.

But now we are carrying a new and heavy burden in the cause of Western defense. We have to compete economically against countries like the United States which never endured the direct destruction of war. We have to fight our way back in a world that is rather weary of our reminders that we were and are a great power.

Poor Churchill! Does anyone imagine that he begrudged the few paltry thousands of pounds that would have done justice to less than a battalion of ex-officers? But on a wide front, extended to the limit, a commander cannot give way at any point. That was Churchill's position.

Let me repeat that every MP must decide according to his conscience. Churchill was about to leave for Bermuda where he would meet, among others, the heads of the U. S. Government in conference. Was I to shout: "This man does not represent the Conservative Party! This man has shown himself unfit for leadership by his cruel treatment of ex-officers?"

Every beat of my heart is for the ex-officers. Every process of the mind says: "Do not lessen the prestige or the authority of the man who is going to represent his nation in inter-allied conference." I agree that there is nothing heroic in backing the leaders of one's own party but that is exactly what I intend to do. If it brings sneers I do not care a tinker's cuss.

Now I must knock off for a few hours because I must go to a secret meeting of the Conservative members of parliament where Eden and Butler, on behalf of Churchill, will face the rank and file of the party. Therefore, if you will forgive me I shall lay down my pen until later in the evening when I shall make such further report as the situation allows.

Midnight:

As you will understand, a party meeting—held behind closed doors—must be secret and therefore I cannot disclose what happened. It is sufficient to set down that neither Eden nor Butler overplayed their hands, and that most of the party realized that the problem was not so simple as it seemed the day before at question time.

I WONDER what there is about power that men reach for it like starving beggars for food. Churchill's immortality is assured not only by his actions but because he has written the history of his time.

There are no glories to be added to his escutcheon, no new laurels for his brow. Yet from the pomp and panoply of war he is now engaged in the mundane business of trying to make the nation live on its earnings.

Thus in his eightieth year he faces trouble, disappointment, fatigue and the impatience even of his own supporters when something like this pension episode occurs.

It is harsh music when a prime minister hears the cry of "Shame!" from his own followers. But I must set down that on the following day he looked neither troubled nor revengeful.

Perhaps great men, like Wagner's Brunnhilde, are protected by a sacred fire that no one else can see. ★

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It's 1 to 2 You've Got an Allergy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

materials. Any substance to which he was allergic should produce a small hive or weal.

And, sure enough, some of them did. Bobby was found to be allergic to whole milk, cod-liver oil, feathers and house dust. Bobby's mother noticed that when the oil furnace in their home was running Bobby showed allergy symptoms. So oil fumes were added to the list of the boy's allergies.

For treatment, Bobby was switched from cow's milk to a substitute made from soybeans. Instead of cod-liver oil he got a synthetic vitamin preparation. The furnace had to be converted to coal. The feathers in his pillow and mattress were replaced by foam rubber. The drapes and stuffed furniture in his room were removed, his stuffed toys must be discarded for plastic ones, Bobby's father had to buy a humidifier to help eliminate dust.

At present, the effect of these measures on Bobby's health is being watched. If the precautions are not enough, the doctor has informed the child's parents that a series of small injections of extracts of feathers and dust may be necessary. This often builds up a certain tolerance or resistance to the irritants, and may eventually eliminate an allergy. In the case of foods, a similar tolerance to allergy-causing items may be induced by feeding the sufferer gradually increasing quantities of them, beginning with minute quantities.

One of the factors which sometimes makes it difficult to detect the cause of an allergy is that incredibly small quantities of the irritant may be enough to affect the sufferer. Infants highly sensitive to egg can be made ill by the quantity of egg received from the kiss of a person who has recently eaten an egg. A Winnipeg child was so sensitive he would break out with an attack of hives if an egg was opened in the same room with him.

The problem of finding a child's allergy is, however, simple compared to that of an adult whose activities are more varied and more difficult to trace. The allergist must not only find out what an adult eats, but what he does with his entire time, where he goes, details of his occupation, even his hobbies.

Dr. Rose tells of one of his men patients who, after a long and frenzied search, was found to be allergic to the glue on the back of postage stamps—and he was an ardent collector, until he accepted the fact that he had to give up his hobby. Another grew mushrooms in his basement—until he was found to be allergic to a mold which grew on them.

When all known methods failed to find one woman's allergy her doctor asked to see her husband. He showed up with a waxed mustache. In a flash of inspiration, the doctor scratched the wife's arm and rubbed in a bit of the wax. Her skin reacted almost immediately. So the husband trimmed his mustache, forswore the wax and the wife had no further trouble.

A man who had a rash on his face, hands and arms for about six months finally visited a doctor when he was about to be married. Skin tests with woolens and other materials he handled in his clothing store were negative, but a carefully kept history of his ailment showed that his rash became worse during his week ends, and that he spent most of his free time with his fiancée. A new tack in the detective work

showed that he reacted strongly to her perfume and face powder. She changed her brands and his skin cleared in a week.

Like the stamp collector who had to give up his hobby, many persons with allergies find their chosen careers affected by "occupational" irritants. After his first year in Canada an emigrant farmer from Holland found himself stricken with violent asthma and bronchitis. The attacks coincided with the rye harvest, and aided by this clue, his doctor was able to establish that dust from the rye was the cause. The

remedy was simple—the farmer turned to other crops.

Some persons sensitive to sunlight have to use protective skin creams or wear broad-brimmed hats to be able to take jobs which require going out in daylight, even to travel back and forth to work. But sunlight allergy can be so severe that victims must take night jobs and stay out of the sun forever.

In the case of children with persistent allergies, doctors may advise parents to guide the sufferers away from occupations which would expose

them to the irritants to which they are sensitive—farming, working as bakers, furriers, upholsterers, florists, in grain mills or around animals.

In one notable instance, however, Dr. E. A. Brown, of Boston, reported the case of an allergy sufferer who remained steadfast to his calling despite his suffering. The patient was a thirty-one-year-old Roman Catholic priest who for six years had had periodic attacks of sneezing and coughing which once or twice a day would develop into a two-minute fit of choking. He sought medical attention when he began to get

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bumps and itching over most of his body.

A number of measures were tried, but his condition just got worse. Then it was noticed that his coughing was most distressing about ten minutes after Mass each morning. As a routine test, he refrained from holding Mass for several days. All symptoms cleared up in less than three days. To verify a suspicion, the doctor gave him a drink of wine, and the symptoms returned in fifteen minutes and lasted for three days.

The small quantity of sacramental wine which the priest drank at Mass every morning was at the root of his allergy. All attempts to give him a tolerance for wine failed. At last word he was still saying Mass and suffering, while the doctor continued to seek a drug which would give him relief.

Allergies may dictate the climate in which its victims must live if they wish to be comfortable, since some people are allergic to cold and others to heat. A man in Moncton, N.B., has a case of asthma which is aggravated by the slightest change in temperature. He spends his evenings sitting in one chair in his home, afraid to move to another part of the house even a few feet away because a change in temperature of one degree will start an attack.

The coming of winter brings relief to one type of allergy victims—hay-fever sufferers—but means misery to a smaller group who are allergic to cold. If these people merely expose their faces on a chilly day, swelling results. If they breathe cold air they break into fits of coughing. Even on the hottest days of summer they cannot take a cold drink or eat an ice-cream cone for fear of swelling throat and stomach membranes followed by nausea and abdominal pains.

Drownings have been attributed to persons highly sensitive to cold encountering a sudden chilly current while swimming. The resulting shock rendered them helpless. Persons with heat allergies are also unfortunate. Symptoms can be produced by drinking a cup of coffee, and sometimes an attack can be brought on by the body heat generated by the effort of rising from a chair, taking part in a business deal or watching a hockey game.

Insecurity Can Do It

Allergies are as old as the human race. Claudius Galen, one of the fathers of modern medicine, who practiced in Rome eighteen centuries ago, was describing allergies when he coined (or borrowed) the phrase "one man's food is another man's poison," the same meaning contained in today's often heard mealtime cliché: "I like it but it doesn't like me." But the specific study of allergies as a branch of medicine is a mere fifty years old. (The 1908 edition of Webster's International Dictionary does not contain the word "allergy.")

One of the advances in treating allergies resulted from the discovery that some were psychosomatic and therefore might yield to psychiatric treatment, or to simple understanding of the cause.

An eight-year-old New York girl had recurrent attacks of asthma, but every time her mother took her away from her brothers and sisters to Florida, the symptoms disappeared. The relatively pollen-free air was apparently just what she needed. Once, however, a sister accompanied them and the attacks continued, even in Florida. An allergist decided that the girl felt insecure, and her mother admitted that she had been an unwanted child. Her first attacks had been brought on by dust and certain foods, but when

she found her attacks brought her closer to her mother, she began to develop them without such provocation. Doctors believe that psychosomatic allergic reactions can happen without any initial sensitivity to materials.

In a California study of ninety children with asthma, hay fever, hives and eczema, ninety-eight percent were found to have a disturbed and insecure relationship with their parents, usually with their mother. But in a similar group of non-allergic children only twenty-five percent had disturbed relationships.

Dr. Donald H. Williams of Vancouver made a valuable study of fifty-three children with allergic eczema. He divided them into two groups, one to be treated only for eczema, the other for the mother-child relationship. In the first group, only ten percent lost their rashes in fifteen to eighteen months. In the second, nearly half had been cleared up in from three to seven months. Attention to the emotional factor thus proved more than four times as successful in eliminating the symptoms, and in about a quarter of the time.

There is the record of a woman who developed migraine and nausea every time she was asked for a date. It was finally explained by the fact that she had a subconscious fear of marriage.

Perhaps the strangest of all cases of allergy was that of a California girl who was granted a divorce in 1949 because she was allergic to her husband. Joyce Goodman met Nolan Holdridge in 1945 and, while having dates with him, noticed a red rash on her wrists. They were married the following year and the rash spread. He went overseas with the navy, and her rash disappeared, but when he came back, so did the rash. It finally became unbearable and she sued for divorce on the ground that she was allergic to her husband.

If allergists do not know why one person is immune to allergies and another subject to them, they have developed an increasing volume of information on the factors that accompany allergies, and on methods of preventing and treating the various symptoms.

Most doctors believe that allergy is hereditary, or at least that the capacity to be hypersensitive to allergens is inherited. One survey showed that in more than half the cases of hay fever, asthma or hives due to physical allergy, there was a family history of allergy.

When both parents were allergic, thirty-six percent of their children developed some kind of allergy before the age of five, only fifteen percent if only one parent is afflicted, comparable to the rate among children of non-allergic parents.

Until recent years there was little that could be done for allergies. Hay-fever sufferers who could afford it would spend their summers in pollen-free areas. If the cause was food or a contact substance, the offending material had to be avoided. Now a certain tolerance can be built up for many allergenic substances, and injections of adrenalin and new drugs like ACTH, cortisone and anti-histamines can give substantial if temporary relief.

In an ACTH test for hay-fever sufferers, a night-and-day watch upon those taking the drug showed that their sneezes were cut in the first twenty-four hours from an average of six hundred and forty per person to one hundred and fifty. After two days the patients were completely free of coughs, sniffles and sneezes. In some cases relief lasted for nearly a year.

On the other hand, one of the most suspected causes of allergy is the indis-

criminate use of drugs. Allergy to drugs should be suspected whenever a sick person or convalescent gets a rash.

Dr. Rose warns that drugs like penicillin and some forms of sulfa often sensitize a patient so that their second use can be serious, even fatal. Everyone, especially those with allergy in the family, he says, must be careful of new drug preparations. They should never be taken unless prescribed by a doctor for a serious ailment. "Taking penicillin lozenges for a simple cold is the worst thing in the world," he says. "It might sensitize you for later when you might badly need penicillin for a major illness."

One study among children showed eleven percent with typical allergy reactions to the sulfas, seven percent to penicillin. Nearly two percent were allergic to aspirin.

Although an allergy may occur for the first time at any age, allergists have found that the period of greatest danger is before birth, in infancy and in early childhood, particularly during illness



and convalescence. Therefore specialists recommend that precautions be taken with all children, and particularly with those of parents who are both subject to allergies.

Dr. P. A. Ryan, a Toronto allergist, states that during the first year a child's diet should be controlled under medical advice, since giving an infant full portions of new foods is suspected of causing allergies.

"One trouble," said Dr. Ryan, "is that every mother wants hers to be the most 'advanced' baby in the neighborhood, and eating solid foods ahead of other children is considered a sign of advancement." Also, it is cheaper and more convenient if the baby can eat what has been prepared for the rest of the family. Foods, however, can be made non-allergenic by thorough cooking. That is one reason why pediatricians advise stewed fruit, hard-boiled eggs, pre-cooked cereals and evaporated milk for infants.

A child can become allergic before birth, via the expectant mother's diet. Therefore allergists recommend that mothers-to-be should eat a well-balanced diet without excesses, especially in the so-called allergenic foods such as eggs, fish, nuts, shellfish and raw foods.

To parents who wish to take the most effective measures against allergies, doctors make the following recommendations:

1. Permit no stuffed toy animals or dolls in the house, only plastic and wooden toys.
2. Reduce house dust to a minimum. Remove from the child's room all upholstered furniture, heavy carpets and drapes. Substitute wood, metal or plastic furniture, rubber-filled pillows, plastic-covered mattresses and floor linoleum.
3. To prevent mold, the house and especially the basement should be kept dry.
4. The mother should use cosmetics which are free of orris, the root of the Florentine iris which is a well-known allergen.
5. Before sending a child to summer camp, he should be skin-tested for reaction to pollens.

6. Should any allergy be indicated, immunization shots should be started at an early age to build up tolerance.

There is a growing conviction among allergists, however, that within the limits of those precautions children with allergies should be allowed to lead as normal a life as possible, and should be reassured that they are not different from other children. Until recently allergic children were forbidden to go to a zoo or a circus. Now doctors allow such visits, with the proviso that if an attack occurs after proximity with a certain animal, then the child should be kept away from that animal in future.

The violent allergies leave no doubt of their presence, but many people have mild or obscure types without being aware of it. Some of these can be roughly self-diagnosed as follows: A person who sneezes three times in a row may have an allergy; if one averages more than two colds a year the cause may be allergy. "Summer cold" might be hay fever, the usual culprit too behind a constantly running nose. Usually an allergy is the villain when there is no other explanation for a rash or other symptom. A rash on the hands or face might be caused by a soap, detergent or cosmetic. An allergic symptom recurring on Fridays may point to a sensitivity to fish.

One of the more obscure types of allergy which often eludes diagnosis is known as "allergic toxemia," a weakness or feeling of tiredness for no apparent reason. A woman of thirty-five turned up at the outpatients' department of a Toronto hospital with the complaint that she had been tired all her life and she felt she needed a tonic. Suspecting an allergy, the doctor eliminated from her diet wheat, milk, eggs and pork, and although at last report he had not yet decided which of these was at fault, the woman's tiredness had disappeared and she was elated that for the first time in her life her tongue was not coated.

Considerable progress has been made in the few years since allergy first came under serious medical scrutiny, but allergists admit they have a long way to go. Dr. Ryan maintains that allergy is a serious enough problem to warrant an organized attack on it.

"I'd like to see money available for investigation of allergies, particularly asthma, which is the one allergy most likely to incapacitate people and shorten their lives," said Ryan. "Asthmatics are long overdue for help, and the disease should share the attention now being given to arthritis, diabetes and heart disease."

At the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal, Dr. Bram Rose directs one of the largest projects on the continent in basic allergy research. Rose believes that increased knowledge of allergies may shed light on other diseases which may be in some way connected with the allergic process.

For example, the American College of Allergists was told at a recent convention in Chicago that alcoholism is sometimes a form of food allergy in which the alcoholic is sensitive to certain grains from which liquor is made. The particular food to which he is allergic may not produce a strong reaction like hives but might give the alcoholic a reaction in the form of a "lift" followed by a letdown. Progressively larger and more frequent doses become necessary for the temporary relief of the hangover.

The present objective of allergy research is a specific preventive. If and when it is found, said Dr. Rose, it would be given to all children just as antidotes for tetanus and smallpox are administered today. ★

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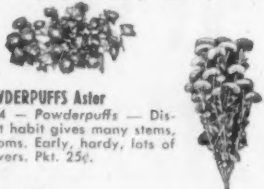
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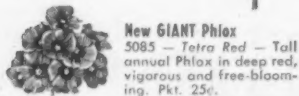
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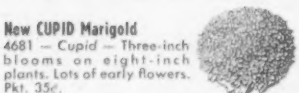
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Joseph Brant

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

at the age of sixty-five his name was taken by his settlement at a shallow part of the river which he forded in trips to Detroit. It was called Brant's Ford in 1830 and as the town grew the abbreviation, Brantford, was adopted.

To understand the paradox of Brant—a man who could translate the Gospel into Mohawk and also dash his tomahawk into a dying soldier's brain—it must be realized that in his mind it was the white man, not the Indian, who was the savage. Asked in later years by the Rev. John Stuart whether he preferred the white man's or the Indian's way of life, Brant replied that although he had lived among both Indians and white men, he favored his own people.

"In the government you call civilized," Brant wrote, "the happiness of your people is constantly sacrificed. Hence your code of criminal and civil laws; hence your dungeons and prisons. Among the Indians you will find no prisons, no pompous parade of courts. We have no written laws and yet our judges are highly revered among us.

"And for what are many of your people confined? Debt! You put a man in prison, perhaps for life, for circumstances beyond his control. I would rather die by the most severe tortures than to languish in one of your prisons for a single year."

Brant has been called an Iroquois because his tribe, the Mohawks, was one of the five that originally made up the Iroquois Council. According to tradition Hiawatha, a Mohawk, induced the five—Onondagas, Senecas, Mohawks, Cayugas and Oneidas—to form a league which preserved the integrity of each but united them in common council and ceremonies. A century later the Tuscaroras joined the league to form the Six Nations. It was from the ranks of the Mohawks that the head war chief of the Six Nations was chosen.

Brant's home at Canajoharie Castle—castle being the Six Nations' term for village—was near that of Col. William Johnson, King George II's representative for Indian affairs, an adventurous Irishman who held vast tracts of land. Johnson lived in lavish style in a three-story home surrounded by wilderness, but he also loved the free-and-easy style of the frontier. He liked the Indians and they trusted him as their friend. As a widower he married Brant's sister Molly, and young Joseph became a familiar figure at Johnson Hall.

In 1755 when England and the American colonies resolved to end the French threat to the north, Johnson was made a major-general and sent against Crown Point, the French fort at the southern tip of Lake Champlain which pointed into the heart of New York State. With him went one thousand Indians, among them the thirteen-year-old Brant.

In a battle which marked the beginning of the Seven Years' War, Johnson defeated the French under Baron Dieskau. Brant reacted like most young soldiers under their baptism of fire. He admitted later that he was filled with fear, and clung to a sapling, shivering. The moment passed quickly. Long before the battle was over, young Brant had his rifle to his shoulder, and his treble war whoop joined that of the victorious Mohawks.

Later, Brant was with the Indians who helped capture Fort Niagara, breaking the chain of French forts which stretched from the St. Lawrence to Louisiana. The Mohawks were

proud of him. Although still a boy, he had been tested in battle, and had fought bravely.

Brant himself, was dissatisfied. From living near Johnson—now Sir William—he realized that there was more to life than hunting and the warpath. He wanted to see beyond the forests.

The opportunity came when Dr. Eleazar Wheelock started a school for Indians at Lebanon, N.H., the forerunner of Dartmouth College. Brant was selected to go for the Six Nations, and after two years of intensive study under Dr. Wheelock, took the Gospel to the Indians.

But again the hatchet was taken up. Pontiac, great chief of the Ottawas and leader of the western Indians, headed a revolt against all English and Americans. On one red day in 1763 eight English forts fell; only Detroit, Fort Pitt and Ligonier remained.

Loyal to the British, Brant played his part in helping in the relief of both Detroit and Fort Pitt, and in 1764 when Pontiac was defeated and French

Controlled Economy

Down the years this routine
But rarely is varied:
A fool and his money
Are very soon married.

MARY ALKUS

domination broken, it seemed Brant could devote his life to peace. High in the esteem of the Six Nations, Brant returned to his home at Canajoharie Castle and married an Oneida chief's daughter who bore him two children. He joined the Anglican Church and worked with Rev. John Stuart in translating the Acts of the Apostles into Mohawk.

Brant saw trouble coming between England and the American colonies. There was shooting in Boston in 1770 and he realized war was imminent. The Six Nations, for the most part, felt they could not remain neutral, situated between Canada and the American colonies, and they made Brant the head war chief.

In 1774 Sir William Johnson, on his deathbed, urged Brant to be loyal to the Crown, for he knew that the Six Nations were not united and that the Oneidas were wavering. They felt they could not take a stand in the dispute between brothers (for remaining neutral, Oneidas living on the Six Nations Reservation near Brantford still get a pension from the United States Government).

Sir Guy Carleton, Governor of Canada, commissioned Brant a captain—the highest rank an Indian could hold in the regular British army. With open warfare still to come, Brant decided in the fall of 1775 to go to London to learn the true situation.

Seventy years before, in Queen Anne's time, his grandfather Nickus Brant had been in London where he had been moved by the wretched plight of German refugees from the Palatine. He had given them land in the Mohawk Valley; now if open warfare came, it would be the descendants of this displaced people whom the Six Nations would be fighting.

Brant was invited to appear at court, and when the Earl of Warwick requested his portrait, Brant sat for George Romney, one of the noted artists of the day. Writing in the London Journal, James Boswell said:

"The present unhappy civil war in America has occasioned Brant coming

over to England . . . He has promised to put three thousand men into the field . . . His manners are gentle and quiet . . . He was struck with the appearance of England but said he chiefly admired the ladies and horses."

While in London, Brant was at a high society dinner party when a simpering lady observed she hadn't expected a savage to have such polished manners. Brant, who always fiercely resented patronage, seized a bone and commenced to gnaw.

"Did you expect the poor Indian to eat like this?" Brant asked, putting down the bone. "I'm afraid, madam, that we have different ideas of what kind of manners constitute the savage!"

The war began in earnest in 1776 and Brant sailed for New York, which was in British hands. His old teacher, Dr. Wheelock, tried to persuade him to join the Americans, or at least to remain neutral. He asked Brant to recall the many things he had taught him.

"I remember one prayer," Brant replied. "In it you prayed that we might live like good subjects, to fear God and honor the King. This I propose to do."

Brant was back in the Mohawk Valley in the spring of 1776 and settlers who had been remote from the war felt dread at his coming. As Brant drew more Indians about him, the settlers asked Nicholas Herkimer, a brigadier-general in the American militia and an old friend of Brant's, to negotiate a peace. Herkimer was vain and felt he could easily persuade Brant to his side. Taking three hundred and eighty militiamen to impress Brant, the little German commander arranged a meeting at Unadilla on the Susquehanna.

Brant appeared with five hundred warriors, the majority of whom he concealed in the woods before he stepped within a circle drawn on the ground to meet Herkimer. Brant wore a short vivid blue blanket cape turned back to show red lining and a cocked black hat, trimmed with gold lace. He asked why the meeting had been called and Herkimer replied that he had merely wanted to talk to his brother Brant.

Brant was unmoved. "Do all these soldiers just come out of friendship to meet their brother Brant, too?" he enquired.

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Herkimer had concealed four settlers in the treetops to kill Brant if he couldn't win him over, and was about to give the signal to shoot when Brant, suspecting treachery, gave his war whoop. Five hundred Indians immediately appeared. Brant suavely thanked Herkimer for inviting him to this meeting, but grimly advised him to return home, and if he valued his life to stay there.

Brant went to Oswego where a council of war was held. Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, planned that he would go south from Montreal with the regular army until he reached the Hudson. In the meantime, Lieut.-Col. Barry St. Leger, a British regular, would lead a mixed force along the south shore of Lake Ontario and fight his way through the heart of the colonists' country and meet Burgoyne at Albany. This mixed command consisted of four hundred red coats, six hundred green-coated Canadians and Tories (as the Americans called the pro-British) and a thousand Senecas and Mohawks, including a scattering of Cayugas and Onondagas. The Indians would be under Brant's command.

The first blow was to fall at Fort Stanwix which the Americans had built in Indian territory. It was defended by Col. Peter Gansevoort and seven hundred and fifty men. On Aug. 3, 1777, St. Leger and Brant reached the fort and laid siege.

Col. Gansevoort ordered an improvised Stars and Stripes flown over the fort. It was made of a red petticoat, a white shirt and a captured British blue army cloak. The flag had only been authorized the previous June 14, and it was the first time it had been flown over American troops under fire.

When scouts brought news of the siege to Gen. Herkimer, he called out the militia companies to the strength of a thousand men. Recently they had news that Burgoyne on his march toward Albany had taken Fort Ticonderoga, and now with St. Leger and Brant pressing from the west, the Americans knew that if the two forces met, the rich, populous German Flats country in which most of them lived would be gone. It was imperative that St. Leger and Brant be stopped.

Herkimer's men were farmers and frontiersmen dressed in hunting shirts and homespun. One company made a semblance of military dress by wearing red cockades. The officers were mostly gentry of the countryside and wore the blue uniform of the American Continental Army, but some of the horses they rode were more at home pulling a plow. Ox-carts hauled the provisions, and when the river and creek bottoms became too soft with the passage of the first few carts the militiamen lined the ford in two parallel lines to simulate a fence while the teamsters flogged the reluctant oxen through.

The Americans were eager to join battle, feeling they would beat both the redcoats and the hated Tories at one blow. They held the frontiersman's contempt for the Indians, believing that one white man was worth five Indians. Only Herkimer was dubious but he held no true command over his unruly volunteers.

On August 5, Herkimer was within eight miles of Fort Stanwix, and he sent out three scouts with instructions to get into the fort that night and fire three guns next morning as a signal. The men in the fort were then to sally out, while he would attack St. Leger and Brant from the rear.

It was a good plan but when no sound of the guns came next morning, the militiamen became impatient. In spite of Herkimer's remonstrances the commander of one company decided to

attack. Herkimer was forced to follow his undisciplined men.

In double file, following the ruts of the road, the Americans straggled forward. It was almost eleven, and the day hot and dusty. No breath of air stirred the leaves on the trees, and as the men sweated, branches whipped their salty faces. Then the ground dropped away, and across a brook lay an invitingly cool swamp. The Americans entered its dark shades.

From the top of a tall hemlock a flash of orange appeared, followed by a puff of smoke. The commander of

the first American company fell from his white horse. A whistle shrieked three short blasts, and the wall of dark hemlocks burst into a solid sheet of fire. Men fell; a horse neighed wildly. Herkimer himself was wounded. Seneca scouts had informed Brant of Herkimer's approach, and he had laid an ambush in the deep woods on the edge of a marshy ravine at Oriskany.

Brant's deep voice echoed and re-echoed from the woods, urging his Indians on. Like shadows, they flitted from tree to tree, many of them wearing nothing but their moccasins and

vermilion, black and white paint. The high, weird yips of the war whoop sounded on all sides.

Herkimer, although wounded, sat propped against a tree smoking a pipe, rallying his men. For the next half hour the opponents sniped at each other, then Brant again raised his war whoop. After one brief volley, the Indians rushed forward with their hatchets. The carnage that followed developed into the most gruesome battle of the War of Independence.

There was no room to manoeuvre in the marsh. The opponents battled



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with knife and bayonet; Indian spear and gunstock; tomahawk and bare hands. About three-thirty in the afternoon a dense rain began to fall, and at four both sides heard the guns of the fort. Herkimer's messengers had finally got in.

Thinking St. Leger might be in trouble Brant broke off the engagement. One company of Americans—the advance company which had been so eager to fight—had broken and fled at the beginning. Of the remaining force only two hundred could walk. Five hundred Americans had been killed and scalped in the swampy ravine and Herkimer died later.

Hearing of Herkimer's defeat, Gen. Benedict Arnold, still a clever commander in the American army, moved to relieve Fort Stanwix. He managed to capture a dim-witted character by the name of Hon-Yost Schuyler. Schuyler had spent most of his life among the Indians, who regarded him with the superstitious awe they gave all insane people.

Keeping his brother as hostage, and shooting a few bullet-holes through Schuyler's coat to make it appear he had been in a battle, Arnold sent him to the Indians' camp. There Schuyler told of Arnold's vast army—"as many men as there were leaves on the trees," he said.

The Indians believed the half-wit and in spite of Brant's remonstrances fell back, and St. Leger was forced to withdraw from the siege. Brant was disgusted and instead of going with St. Leger took his Mohawks to Burgoyne's camp on the Hudson.

In the winter of 1777-78 Brant was back at Niagara, Canada, planning a campaign to weaken the American cause. He determined to attack American settlements along the Mohawk to draw off troops, and to destroy the crops upon which George Washington's army was depending. He fell on the village of Springfield, N.Y., and though most of the men managed to flee Brant took their women prisoners and put the town to the torch.

By continual raiding Brant began to get a bad name. His Indians were lacking in discipline and although Brant saved many settlers from death and torture he did not try to keep his warriors from plundering and destroying property. His argument was that the settlers had taken up arms against the King, and that their property was forfeited.

The settlers however looked upon the Indians as butchers without a redeeming feature except courage. Everything that was bloody, hateful and ferocious was attributed to Brant.

Then came the massacre of Wyoming Valley, a populous area of five thousand in Pennsylvania, near Scranton. Some American historians claim Brant was present but others, and Brant himself, insisted he wasn't. Thomas Campbell wrote in his long poem, Gertrude of Wyoming:

"The mammoth comes—the foe
—the Monstrous Brant
With all his howling desolate band
These eyes have seen their blade,
the burning pine
Awake at once, and silence half
your land.
Red is the cup they drink, but not
with wine."

Brant was at the Cherry Valley massacre, sixty-eight miles west of Albany, with Lieut. Walter Butler, son of the more famous Col. John Butler. Eight hundred men, about a third of them Senecas, attacked the American fort at Cherry Valley in November, 1777, after Col. Ichabod Alden refused to believe reports the

Tories and Indians were close. When neighboring settlers sought refuge in the fort Col. Alden assured them they were in no danger. In the massacre that ensued thirty-two settlers, mostly women and children, Col. Alden and fifteen soldiers were slain. Thirty to forty prisoners were taken, mostly women and children, and the village of Cherry Valley was reduced to ashes.

Throughout the devastation Brant always believed that if the British didn't win, the land belonging to the Six Nations would be lost. It was savage fighting on both sides and the Indians were merciless. Yet Brant often did kind deeds and if he had a weakness it was that he wanted to be admired by both white men and Indians. This apparently caused his fluctuations between kindness and cruelty.

The massacres created tremendous indignation with the American Congress in Philadelphia and on February 25, 1779, it moved to crush the Six Nations forever. Gen. John Sullivan was ordered to advance from Pennsylvania along the Susquehanna and Gen. James Clinton to drive from the north so that a giant pincers movement should sweep the Six Nations country.

Setbacks Spurred Him

Brant realized that if the two armies accomplished their purposes the Indian villages would be destroyed. To divert their attention he planned the most daring raid of the war. He attacked Minisink, only fifty miles from New York City, with sixty Indians and twenty-seven green-coated Rangers, and massacred fifty settlers and devastated the surrounding country. As Brant drew off with prisoners and booty a force of one hundred and forty-nine Orange County men set out on his trail. It was their first experience in Indian warfare and in a dark ravine on the banks of the Delaware Brant turned and trapped them; of the entire American force only twenty-seven escaped.

As Gen. Sullivan advanced along the Chemung River, Brant gathered six hundred Indians with two hundred men under Sir John Johnson—Sir William's son—and threw up a half-mile breastwork. But Gen. Sullivan had five thousand men and artillery, and the cannon soon smashed the defenses. Brant was inspiring but the Indians were beaten. "Oonah! Oonah!" was their doleful cry as they fell back leaving the gates of the Six Nations country open.

When he saw the burning valley, Red Jacket, chief of the Senecas, tried to negotiate a peace but Brant captured his messengers to Gen. Sullivan and continued to fight on.

Making his headquarters at Niagara, Brant raided the Mohawk Valley for two more years. Harpersfield was leveled, German Flats, Andrustown and Canajoharie destroyed. When the Oneidas who had been neutral started to become active sympathizers of the Americans Brant destroyed their villages. Just before the war ended he defeated an American army under Col. Clark, who had previously defeated a British force under Gen. Hamilton.

The Indians were resentful of the treaty made in 1782 between Britain and the United States. Their land was made over to the Americans, and there was no mention of provisions for them. Land was given by Great Britain to Brant and his Mohawks on the Bay of Quinte on Lake Ontario, but the Senecas who desired to remain in New York State were distressed to see their kinsmen moving so far away. They dispatched to Gen. Haldimand, who had succeeded Sir Guy Carleton as Governor, packs of scalps and a grim

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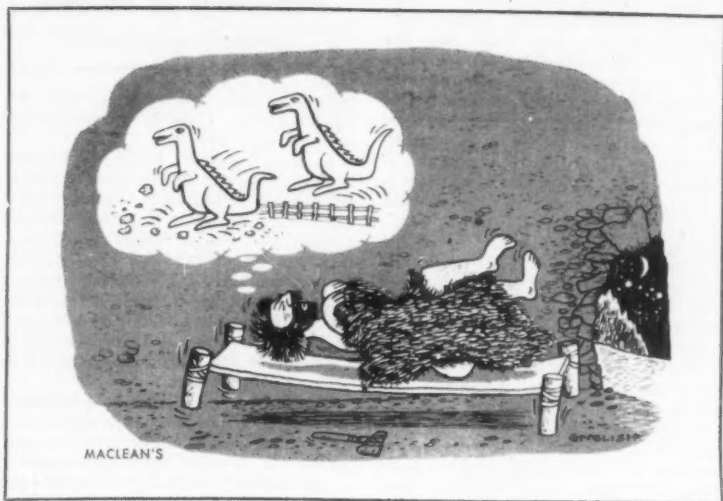
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The result was that the Six Nations forever were awarded six miles on either side of the Grand River in Ontario on October 25, 1784, over which the King relinquished all sovereignty.

Late in 1785 Brant left again for England where his visit was a triumphant procession. Nobility vied to have him as a guest. He was lauded by Lord Percy, heir of the Duke of Northumberland; Charles James Fox gave him a silver snuff box and the Prince of Wales took him on many jaunts. The Baroness of Riedesel wrote: "I saw the famous chief, Captain Joseph Brant. His manners are polished, and he expressed himself with great fluency."

Brant was presented to King George III and Queen Charlotte, and when the King offered the royal hand to be kissed, as was then the custom, Brant refused it. He was, he said, a king among his own people; it was beneath his dignity to bow to anyone. He would, however, he smiled, be pleased to kiss the hand of such a gracious Queen.

The Earl of Moira invited Brant to a masquerade in Mayfair and Brant wore Indian costume and war paint. He was a commanding figure as his lofty plumage swayed grandly, and from his belt hung the famous glittering tomahawk, engraved with a J (for Joseph) and his Indian name, Thayendanegea.

The Turkish ambassador mistook Brant's painted face for a false one and in a moment of exuberance pinched his nose to remove the disguise. The next moment he fell back, his face paling, and the glittering assembly stood frozen as the blood-curdling, high-pitched war whoop of the Mohawks echoed through the hall. Brant whipped out his gleaming tomahawk and whirled it around the Turk's head. The Turk stood terrified, and the crowd silent, and then as Brant realized that the Turk had intended no insult, his features slowly relaxed.

When Brant returned to America in 1786, he found American settlers pressing on Indian land in Pennsylvania and

Ohio. Spasmodic fighting broke out but Brant did not want to go into the struggle blindly. He realized that without British help the Indians would have little chance of permanent success. But neither did he want his people to bend too low before the white man. He insisted that the Ohio River be the dividing line between settlers and Indians.

The United States Congress concluded from this that Brant and the Indians were hostile and Gen. Arthur St. Clair was dispatched with a large army in 1791 to quell the unrest. This act decided Brant. "The hatchet has grown old and rusted," he said, "but I cannot see the Long Knives moving against my people." The various Indian nations allied themselves under the leadership of Little Turtle, a Miami chief. Brant, with a hundred and fifty Mohawks, joined him and provided the strategy.

A hundred miles southwest of Toledo, on the Ohio-Indiana border, in spite of the fact that St. Clair had artillery, Brant and the allied Indians practically annihilated the Americans, killing eight hundred.

Fabulous Offers

This battle indicated to Congress how fierce the war would be, and the American Secretary of State, John Adams, invited Brant to Washington to confer with President Washington. He arrived on June 20, 1792, in Philadelphia where the President gave him a hearty welcome.

"I was offered five thousand dollars down," Brant reported later, "and my half-pay and pension I receive from Great Britain doubled, merely on condition that I use my endeavors to bring about peace. This I rejected."

Brant was then offered land worth a hundred thousand dollars and fifteen hundred a year—a tremendous sum for the times—but he rejected the extravagant offer. "How could I accept such a bribe?" Brant said later. "They might expect me to act contrary to His Majesty's interests, and the honor of the Six Nations."

Brant did finally state, however, that he would endeavor to promote peace and at a meeting of ninety-three chiefs counseled it. His blood was cooler now and no longer sought the warpath.

At his home on the Grand River, Brant turned to the church. Knowing both Greek and Latin, he translated the Prayer and Psalms Book and the Gospel of St. Mark into Mohawk. He translated the Liturgy of the Anglican Church into Mohawk and presented Harvard University with a copy.

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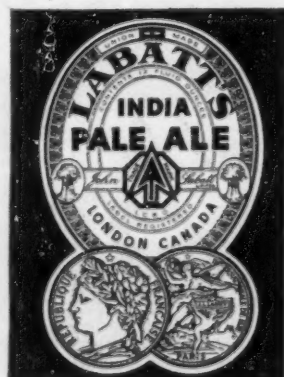
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of Upper Canada, visited Brant, bringing with him a brace of pistols from Brant's old friend Lord Percy, now the Duke of Northumberland. The services of Brant were much in demand and he made frequent trips to New York, Albany and Philadelphia. In the latter city he was entertained by the arch-conspirator Aaron Burr, as well as the French exiles, Talleyrand and Volney.

Brant was also given a tract of land at Burlington, near Hamilton, Ont., and here on a plot which he called Wellington Square, he built an imposing home. He lived in comparative ease in his later years, with Negro servants who had been slaves when he captured them, to give him attention. A replica of his home now stands on the same ground, and is open to the public as the Brant Museum.

Brant's first wife had died in 1771 and he had married her half-sister Susanna who died childless. His third wife, Catherine, bore him three sons and four daughters. One of the tragedies of his later years was his son Issac, born of his first wife, who became extremely jealous of the children of Brant's third wife. In 1795 both father and son were at Burlington Heights at a time when the Indians were receiving supplies from the Government.

Issac had been drinking heavily, and in Burlington Tavern attacked his father. Brant drew his dirk and slightly wounded Issac's hand. Issac refused to have the cut treated, and died of blood poisoning. Brant surrendered himself to the authorities but no charge was laid.

Dubious Descendents

Brant's trail ended on November 24, 1807. His grave is in His Majesty's Chapel to the Mohawks, a church on the outskirts of Brantford. In spite of his deeds and his rigid loyalty to the Crown, few Canadians fully realize the tremendous debt owed Brant and the Six Nations. After the American War of Independence, American settlers flooded west, and it was only the presence of Brant, who created such havoc in the Mohawk Valley, that deterred these settlers from claiming much of the rich lands of Ontario.

Mrs. Alma Greene, corresponding secretary for the Six Nations people, writes: "While we honor Captain Brant and have no doubt his intentions were for the good of the people we know that had he been alive today he would see the great harm done by his allegiance to the Crown. He discarded our Indian faith and religion, which caused us to lose acres of land through the New England Company whose sole purpose was to Christianize the savages, but who instead sold our land."

"Captain Brant sold acres of our land without the approval of our confederate council. By becoming allies of Great Britain we have become minors, and wards of the Government. All treaties and sacred pledges have been violated, and I am sure if Captain Brant could have foreseen all this trouble he would have hesitated to make the Six Nations allies of Great Britain."

Well, maybe so, but Brant chose the British because in his experience their word had always been good. It is hardly likely that the Six Nations would have fared better under American rule for United States treaties with the Indians were more often violated than not.

Perhaps in his dying moments, Brant sensed what would inevitably happen. His final words were to John Norton, a Mohawk chief. "Have pity on my poor Indians," Brant whispered. "If you have any influence with the great, endeavor to use it for their good." ★

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

Britain is still greater than with the United States. Canada's economic ties are still with Britain."

In fact, Canada's trade has become mainly American in the postwar years. We are now selling to the United States about two thirds of all that we sell abroad, and buying there about three quarters of all that we buy abroad. Only about one sixth of our exports and one tenth of our imports are British. As for investments, U. S. interests have about eight billion dollars invested in Canada, British interests a little less than two billions.

But the typical Canadian misconception of the United States is not a mere error of fact, often not even a distortion of fact; it is more likely to be simply a prejudiced opinion, more or less immune from either correction or confirmation. Things like this:

"The United States, a badly run country, will ruin the world through its periodic depressions, its lack of insight into international diplomacy, and its war hysteria."

"United States schools are inferior—they give a lot of courses in silly subjects and have no standards. Anybody can get a degree from an American college. The only truly cultured and educated people in the United States come from some other country. The hillbilly group is typical."

"Trading too much with the United States is a fatal mistake. The United States is too 'unstable' to represent steady markets for the future."

"United States investments, now at a very high level, are calculated to overwhelm the Canadian economy for selfish U. S. reasons. The United States is trying to 'buy' Canada as it 'bought' Latin America."

This list would seem to indicate that contrary to most Canadians' opinion, the Chamber will have a harder job on its hands in this country than in the United States.

I HAD LUNCH the other day with a European who was in Ottawa gathering material for a thesis on the Canadian political parties. He'd been working on it for weeks and he was a bit baffled.

"I have come to the conclusion," he said, "that all you Canadians are Liberals. Your Prime Minister once said that the CCF were Liberals in a hurry. It seems to me the Conservatives are Liberals who are dragging their feet."

I don't know which of the three parties ought to be the most disturbed by this observation. Anyway, that's what the man said.

DR. W. G. BLAIR, the respected Conservative MP for Lanark, Ont., rose in the House of Commons not long ago to speak about the textile industry and its need for protection.

"I do not advocate a policy of high prohibitive tariffs for this or any other industry," he said, "because such a device can only provide stability for an uneconomic unit at an unwarranted high cost to the Canadian consumer..."

"I do not believe, however, that any honorable member of this House would class the Canadian textile industry as an uneconomic unit."

Dr. Blair was perfectly right. No politician of any party is likely to use such brutal candor about an industry which employs enough people to cast a deciding vote in a dozen constituencies between Truro, N.S., and London, Ont.

However, whether you call it an

uneconomic unit or not, the cold fact does remain that the Canadian textile industry cannot compete with its rivals in other countries. British and American competition has caused some dismay already; the threat of Japanese competition is far worse, and yet Canada is negotiating a trade agreement with Japan and thereafter will support Japan's admission to the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade.

From the standpoint of doctrine Liberalism the textile industry is indefensible in Canada. It is already heavily protected by tariffs of up to thirty-five percent. It is not an "infant industry," for it has been established in Canada for more than a hundred years. It does not use Canadian raw material to any significant extent. In theory, at least, it is no more justifiable than the orange-groves-under-glass which are the orthodox Liberal's most horrible example of protection's logical conclusion.

But the textile industry, excluding the clothing industry, does employ nearly a hundred thousand people. That is not a very large fraction of the whole labor force but in many a town and village it is the only local industry. If the cotton mill goes down, the town goes down. No government of whatever doctrine can see this happen with equanimity.

Moreover, the textile industry is merely a test case for several others. Japanese plumbing and heating fixtures, to pick another example at random, are now being made in quality identical with the Canadian product, and can be sold profitably at about half the price. It is probable that Japan could provide the same sort of lethal competition in almost any line of secondary manufacture.

UP TO NOW, the Government has been steadfast in resisting pressure for higher tariffs or other protective devices. Up to now, however, the outcry has come mainly from industries who were hollering before they were hurt. This is the first time since the war that any political party has had to make a firm unequivocal choice between the primary Canadian industries which sell in the world markets and therefore want tariffs as low as possible, and the protected Canadian industries which cannot compete with others abroad.

Neither of the major parties seems particularly anxious to fight on this traditional issue. The Conservatives have studiously avoided any outcry for the "national policy" of high tariffs which Sir John A. Macdonald laid down in 1879. The Liberals have continued their customary lip service for freedom of trade, even while C. D. Howe was in Cuba arranging that no more cheap Cuban sugar should be sent here to compete with the sugar-beet industry.

Perhaps the Liberals will be sufficiently adroit to make some similar arrangement to smother the competition of Japanese and German light industry. If not, we may see a real issue rising between the major parties for the first time in more than twenty years. ★

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My First Seven Days of TV

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

6 TO 6.25:

Our Miss Brooks (American TV film). Eve Arden in a light, well-done comedy skit about getting a baby mixed up with a monkey. The scenes seemed crowded and looked at times as if they were taking place in a well-lit broom closet. I missed the feeling of a life-size

movie, the feeling of being right in the room with the players, with lots of space to move around in.

6.25 TO 6.30:

A five-minute filler of three cookies doing a slave dance, followed by an announcement to be careful at railway crossings.

6.30 TO 7:

RCA Victor Presents the Dennis Day Show (American kinescope). A flimsy story about an old ladies' fan club gives Dennis Day a slight excuse to sing but

too slight to make it worthwhile changing from radio to television. Pretty equally balanced between Dennis Day and shots of the inside of RCA Victor instruments. There followed a lot of announcements by CBLT telling me what's coming up on CBLT which filled the time allowed for the U. S. commercial.

7 TO 7.30:

CBC News Magazine (Canadian film). A newsreel about minks, dogs, men's clothes, the Queen opening parliament, an inaugural flight, an ambas-

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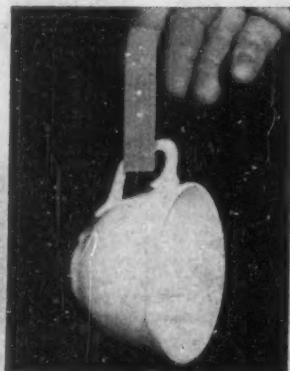
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sador being welcomed somewhere, wreaths being laid, a drunkometer being used on a drunk in Vancouver. He looked sober to me.

7.30 TO 8:

Canadian General Electric Presents Showtime (live Canadian). A well-done pleasing musical about three Canadian sailors on a tropical island with stage palms, the Leslie Bell singers, some good dancing and songs, but the same television distortion. When a man and a woman in a love dance get mad and run away from each other, the guy ends up so close to the camera that he has no head or legs, while in the distance the girl who stands beckoning to him looks about three inches high. A jump from the south-sea islands to a picture of a General Electric product. Followed by more announcements about what's coming up on CBLT. This sort of thing goes on all week.

8 TO 9:

Mercury, Lincoln, Meteor Present Ed Sullivan's Toast of the Town (live American). A big-time variety show from the States where they can really get low when they're serious but higher than kites when they aren't. In between some scenes of opera that neither you nor I would ordinarily see without going to New York and spending a fortune, Sam Levinson gave a lecture on bringing up kids that had the house, including mine, rocking; Victor Borge did a bit of burlesque, coming on stage wearing something like a mop on his head, walking to the grand piano, stepping up onto the piano bench and right up onto the piano, then going into his own opera. Ordinarily these days I go into a movie ready to laugh if someone wiggles their ears just because it cost me six bits. This stuff had me practically lying on the floor for free. Top-notch entertainment. A lot of talk about cars but you are willing to put up with it.

9 TO 9.30:

The Singer Sewing Machine Company Presents Four Star Theatre (American film). A tough and tarty story about a diver bringing a body up off a Chicago pier. Right after he hauled it up, a smooth blonde said to me, "Hello, aren't the new fashions exciting?" and told me about sewing machines on easy budget terms, then I was whipped back to the body. You've seen this story, or one just like it, a thousand times.

9.30 TO 10:

The Jet Age (Canadian film). This was a one-spot sponsored show by A. V. Roe. The kind of commercial movie they show to employees to make them work harder. A few good pictures of jet craft in flight and a terrific shot right from the cockpit of a jet, but pretty dull stuff.

10 TO 10.30:

This Week (live Canadian). Three experts discuss world affairs. Very interesting but nothing has been added to radio by seeing three men sitting around as if they were in the out-patients' room at General Hospital. Television has just placed an unnecessary burden on these programs. When all the men were in the film at once, the one farthest away looked as if he were sitting at the end of a banquet table.

10.30 TO AFTER MIDNIGHT:

Anastasia (British kinescope). One in a series of Sunday Evening Feature—which is the TV counterpart of radio's Wednesday Night. A drama about a Russian princess which started off badly with bearded men in a murky cellar but gradually without the aid of scenery, Technicolor or anything but terrific English performers, developed

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

into one of the most dramatic things I've ever looked at, on or off TV. If you got this sort of thing all the time there would be no questions about it: you'd do better to give up movies and save up for a television set.

A brief weather forecast followed; then more about what's coming on CBLT, then O Canada, with very stirring pictures of battleships, guns firing, airplanes and the flag, and God Save the Queen.

MONDAY

2.30 TO 3.30:

Movie Matinee (American film). Starts off with Ralph Bellamy, looking about eighteen, paying a gambling debt by selling his polo ponies. This should give you an idea of the plot but if it doesn't—well, see, this girl falls in love with Bellamy, who is irresponsible but honest, but then she thinks he is poisoning her cows with anthrax, then Bellamy knocks someone cold, wins a horse race, puts out a fire and the girl discovers that he might be irresponsible but he's also irresistible, and it all ends with everyone smiling into one another's eyes and threshing wheat. I don't know how the cows made out. Over at 3.30, and none too soon.

3.30 TO 4.30:

Recorded music.

4.30 TO 5:

United Nations in Action (live American). A man sitting behind a desk reads the news, this followed by a newsreel, then you are taken to the United Nations' assembly where you actually see and hear the procedure. I still don't enjoy seeing people give speeches, much less seeing them read speeches, but apart from that, I thought this was an excellent feature. I learned more about world affairs looking at it every day for a week than I ordinarily would in six months.

5 TO 5.15:

Teletory Time (live Canadian). Pat Patterson, a very personable young lady, tells the kids a story about two foxes while George Feyer does quick cartoons illustrating them as she goes

along. My kids and I sat very still during this.

5.15 TO 5.30:

Hobby Workshop (live Canadian). Youngsters making things, under the friendly supervision of Tom Martin. This time it was little plaster casts of cars. A little too polite, but good stuff.

5.30 TO 5.50:

Lost in the Wash (British film). A combination of kids' adventure and a weird brand of British humor.

5.50 TO 6:

A ten-minute travelogue about South Africa. (American film).

6 TO 6.20:

Run Sheep Run (Australian film). A very good documentary about a sheep dog. One of the best things so far for either adults or kids.

6.20 TO 6.45:

Hans Christian Andersen (British film). The story of a top and a ball with a magnificent bit of ballet. One thing I liked about this and other English films was that it gave my kids a chance to hear English spoken again after so many years of Hollywood and comic books. In one place where the girl's mother called her to come for supper, she answered, "Yes, Mother, right away." Both my kids looked at one another in embarrassment. It ended with the closing line, "Time often makes love pass by," something I've been trying to tell my daughters every movie night when we're driving home from a Hollywood clinch. In other words, infatuations shouldn't be taken too seriously.

6.45 TO 7:

Uncle Chichimus (live Canadian). There's no point in giving you individual descriptions of this and the other live puppet shows. Uncle Chichimus came on daily from Monday to Friday, Planet Tolex Tuesday and Friday. Willie Wonderful on Wednesday was an American TV film listed as educational. All make do with meagre

backdrops. Many of the children's space-ship-type programs are dedicated to the proposition that nothing is too pointless for kids.

7 TO 7.30:

Tabloid (live Canadian). A half hour of news, verbal and filmed, and interviews, weather reports and a lot of relaxed fun, piloted by Dick MacDougal, with Percy Saltzman as co-pilot. Saltzman, of the Toronto meteorological office, has turned out after all these years among the highs and the lows of the weather, to be a naturally gifted television personality. Each night he gives the weather report, chalking out the details on a blackboard as he goes along. MacDougal has a genuine feeling for humor and a better-than-average understanding that television is a visual instrument. Often, when people just have something to say on television, they seem to be able to think of nothing else to do but sit behind a desk and say it. MacDougal gives you something to look at, does a bit of acting, pantomime, arranges some really gifted gags and somehow manages to interview girls that make you want to crawl right into the set.

7.30 TO 8:

The Exploring Mind (live Canadian). A lecture at the University of Toronto by Prof. E. S. Carpenter in which he debunks what he calls the "little furry parable" outlook on animal psychology. The camera does everything it can to live things up pictorially, by giving occasional shots of student's legs, without getting very far. In spite of the pictorial limitations of a lecture, this was one of the finest things I saw during the week.

8 TO 9.15:

Family Theatre (British film). The story of a French war orphan in Switzerland, so well done that it held my interest in spite of a merciless barrage of spot commercials with little boys eating Frosted Flakes; singing commercials about something being very mellow and easy on your throat; an announcer lighting up a cigarette; and a real old snake-oil salesman selling something that only sheep have. Just as a kid fell off a rock in a very exciting mountain-climbing sequence, somebody popped up to tell me the difference between good plastic and other people's. One time the program was broken very annoyingly by a commercial about how I could avoid being annoyed at television.

9.15 TO 9.30:

United Nations News (American film). More newsreel pictures of people reading their speeches, which has probably become about the duller habit of the twentieth century. Has everyone lost his memory? An interesting sequence about Samoa.

9.30 TO 10:

Songs From Everywhere (live Canadian). Ed McCurdy and his guitar. I couldn't figure why I felt so good until I realized that it was the first program of music I'd heard so far. Unfortunately, my spirits soon subsided. In spite of McCurdy's honest interest in the background of his songs I still can't get excited about things like Old Clarkie Had a Cow, or spirituals, even when as well presented as they were by McCurdy's attractive guest Isabelle Lucas.

10 TO 11:

Westinghouse Presents Studio One (live American). Michele Morgan played Camille the night I was looking. The sponsor tried to sell me something every time Camille started

coughing but both Camille and I saw it through. In spite of the commercials and television camera tricks, this was a very good effort. The male lead was very tall, so tall he practically had to park out in the garage to get into the picture, while Miss Morgan talked to him sitting on my knee—which was okay with me. Often people made impassioned speeches standing in holes or with their heads in attics. This sort of thing, incidentally, I became completely unconscious of within a few days, and you will too.

11 TO 12.20:

Adventure Bound (British film). An old movie in which Margaret Lockwood is acquitted of two murders. Fair.

12.20 TO 12.30:

Late Night News. An announcer gives news while film shows teletype machine working. News on film again, same as we saw before.

TUESDAY

2.30 TO 3.30:

Matinee Party (live Canadian). Two of the four segments of this show are sponsored, one by Gruen Watch and the other by Monarch Flour. Strictly for the girls in Toronto's Eaton Auditorium. I learned how to embroider a sweater and how I should dress if I were a tall girl. I watched four women do finger paintings of Byng Whittaker, the master of ceremonies, who did a magnificent job of being courteous to all those women without joining them. I heard Terry Dale sing: saw one of the finest dance routines I've looked at in a long time; and with the help of Rosemary Boxer, Chate-laine's beauty editor, (a) interviewed Lady Bonham Carter and (b) interviewed a child psychologist and found that I haven't been giving my kids enough allowance. A good show but it left me cold.

3.30 TO 3.45:

Cat's Paw Presents the Garry Moore Show (live American). A lot of nothing, full of commercials and bum gags. Followed by forty-five minutes of recorded music and a blank screen.

From 4.30 to 5, and from 5 to 5.15 we had United Nations in Action again and Planet Tolex.

5.15 TO 5.30:

How About That? (live Canadian). Percy Saltzman showed the youngsters how to make an instrument to measure rainfall, using a glass bottle, a cardboard milk carton and a paper cup. They can send in for detailed printed instructions. I think I will. This is my idea of a top-notch children's show, a top-notch television production and a top-notch CBLT choice.

5.30 TO 6.20:

Cowboy Corner (American film). All about the Pecos Kid and my idea of the sort of thing CBLT should stop doing. The only thought I had during the film was whether the television set would really explode if I put my foot through it. This is another category that I'll cover now and get it over with. Seven hours a week I spent out west on horseback with everyone from Hop-along Cassidy to Andy Devine and the same old herd of cows. The only difference between the films was that sometimes the cowboys galloped the other way. Shots of the same old arroyo, everyone talking with the same old drawl, saying ain't, hitting one another with clubs, guns, trees, bricks, rocks and flexing their muscles for Miss Julie, a cutie right out of Schwab's drugstore. I can't say which was the worst. When you get down to this



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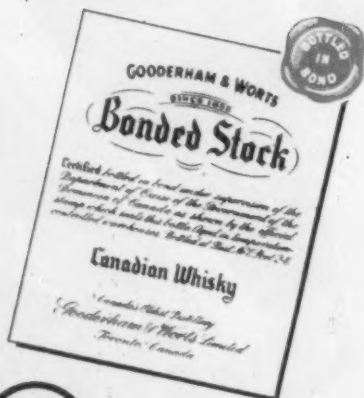
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level there are no grades although I think the low spot came with Andy Devine telling me to be sure to eat Corn Flake Sugar Pops.

6.20 TO 6.45:

A Nation of Skiers (British film). A documentary about a school for ski instructors. Followed by Uncle Chichimus and Tabloid until 7.30.

7.30 TO 7.45:

Chevrolet Presents the Dinah Shore Show (live American). Very slight but entertaining, with Dinah singing amid musical-comedy stage setting.

7.45 TO 8:

On The Spot (Canadian film). A tour through a western museum of old farm implements and old cars. Very dull.

8 TO 9:

Buick Presents the Milton Berle Show (live American). Berle and Martha Raye providing another hour of the funniest stuff I've looked at for many years. I'd forgotten how hilarious Martha is and how big her mouth is. In one sequence when she was laughing over the telephone she nearly swallowed the mouthpiece. I almost decided after this to borrow some money and buy a television set.

9 TO 10.30:

General Motors Presents CBC Theatre (live Canadian). A play by Robertson Davies about three Canadian pioneer women in the Peterborough area who nursed their problems in the Canadian backwoods. The big difference, visually, between this and the filmed productions was that it employed a stage technique, with stage scenery, which somehow sharpened the drama. As a play I rated it fair, although it didn't belong with a lot of others I put under the same heading. I just didn't think this one came off, but it was a solid effort to give Canadians something worthwhile, and, in my opinion, the sort of thing CBLT and Robertson Davies should keep doing.

10.30 TO 11:

Hans in the Kitchen (live Canadian). Hans, a Toronto chef, shows that he knows how to put over a TV program as well as how to make pea soup — which we tried. I like my wife's pea soup better.

11 TO 12:

Drama Playhouse (British film). A murky movie about love and war in Spain. All about merchant sailors, Oriental dives, girls doing sleazy dances and so forth. Ended at midnight although I could have sworn it was two in the morning.

WEDNESDAY
2.30 TO 3.30:

Movie Matinee (American film). Here we go again! In this one a reckless rich girl, circa 1928, insists on smoking on a dude ranch, and George O'Brien threatens to spank her, and her father hires him to treat her like a frisky horse and keep a tight rein on her, and she gets mad but finally learns to love him and stop smoking places where there is no smoking. CBLT ought to rename this series From Two-Thirty To Eternity.

3.30 TO 4.30:

Recorded Music.

4.30 TO 5:

United Nations in Action (see above).

5 TO 5.30:

Let's Make Music (live Canadian). Another top-notch children's program in which David Ouchterlony taught the kids how a beautiful little tune could be composed on three notes, gave them

an ingenious lesson in rhythm and had my nine-year-old, at least, scurrying around making a drum out of a waste-paper basket, a paper bag and a wooden spoon. Really worthwhile, and handled with the skill to make it entertaining.

5.30 TO 6:

Excursion (American film). Another dismal U.S. movie about the American Civil War, this time with a kid the hero.

6 TO 6.27:

The Forbidden Village (American TV film). Jungle, monkeys, vines, intrigue, the Taj Mahal, and Ramar, a new Tarzan, no better than the old one.

6.27 TO 6.30:

Film Featurette. Three minutes of terrific ballet.

6.30 TO 7.30:

Willie Wonderful, Uncle Chichimus and Tabloid (see above).

7.30 TO 8:

Jazz with Jackson (live Canadian). A boppy mixture of music and showmanship, with a big band. The camera busily shifting from brass to bass and so on.

8 TO 8.30:

Foreign Intrigue (TV film). Tripe about foreign intrigue with everyone talking in an accent and carrying brief cases.

8.30 TO 9:

Fighting Words (live Canadian). A well-handled discussion but I still don't enjoy seeing people talk, although I did enjoy seeing a psychologist and a philosopher get mad at one another.

9 TO 10:

The World of Sports (live Canadian). Amateur boxing at the East York Arena, Toronto. Just as good as sitting at ringside, although just at the most exciting moment, while two big guys were really clomping into one another, the program changed because it was 10 o'clock.

10 TO 10.27:

I'm the Law (American TV film). American bilge about George Raft tracking down a murderer. These half-hour and hour-long films are pared right down to the bare bones of action, like a two-bit action story, which makes them even worse. Not that anything would help this one. I think they should have let the murderer go and hanged George Raft. I understand this has since been deleted.

10.27 TO 10.30:

Three minutes of symphony.

10.30 TO 11:

Nightcap (live Canadian). This one from Montreal. A casual nightclub scene with the m.c. wandering around among the guests. You'd need a few of those drinks to enjoy this.

11 TO 11.30:

Music Hall (live Canadian). Lots

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of sentimental and comedy songs that move along fast amid the setting of an English music hall. Very good.

11.30 TO 12:

Regal Theatre (American film). An American movie with Ann Rutherford that is exactly the same as any other American movie with Ann Rutherford.

THURSDAY

2.30 TO 3.40:

Movie Matinee (American film). A domestic drama about two kids being kicked around by a divorce. Pure slick melodrama with no substantial moral or guts, but with some competent acting. A lot better than the horse operas.

3.40 TO 4.30:

Recorded music.

4.30 TO 5.15:

United Nations in Action and Television time (see above).

5.15 TO 5.30:

Pet Shop (live Canadian). A good idea, the kids showing their pets and telling something about them, but it could be handled a lot more entertainingly.

5.30 TO 6.30:

Cowboy Corner (American film). I don't know when these cowboys get time to look after their cows.

6.30 TO 6.45:

Through the Grand Canyon by Boat (American film). A very well-done American documentary that had the whole family sitting on the edge of their chairs, watching a flotilla of small boats navigate the Colorado rapids.

6.45 TO 7.30:

Uncle Chichimus and Tabloid again.

7.30 TO 8:

Kellogg's Present Wild Bill Hickok (American film). Ugh!

8 TO 8.30:

Now's Your Chance (live Canadian). A talent show for kids. (If Serge Rand, the child pianist, didn't win, I'm going to write to CBLT.)

8.30 TO 9.30:

The World of Sports (live Canadian). The wrestling bouts from Maple Leaf Gardens. The same incredible junk as ever, except that on television the announcer has to work harder to make you believe they're touching one another. Jack Wentworth of Stoney Creek, 227 pounds, gives Herb Larson of Hamilton, 228 pounds, a hug. (Announcer: "This works on the nerves of the shoulder") . . . Larson pretends he clips Wentworth in the ear . . . Wentworth staggers back like a fat lady who has been insulted . . . Wentworth pretends he pulls Larson's hair . . . Larson pretends he's mad . . . Larson pretends he hits Wentworth in the kidney . . . Larson pretends he tells the referee that he did it with his open hand . . . (Announcer: "Oho! Mr. Wentworth, you might be able to fool these fans but you can't fool the television audience"). He's right too, but neither can you, Mr. Announcer.

Between Maple Leaf Gardens and Marigold Gardens in Chicago (later in the week) I saw the Indian Deathlock, the Chop, the Cobra Twist, the Panther Pull, the Stone-Crusher Grind, the Fat-Man Flattener and the Middle-Aged Mazurka . . . I saw a BEAST in blond hair gouge another man's eyes out, tear his cheek off, grind his knee in his face, make a noise like the Heidelberg man, and everyone leave the ring in the pink of condition and feeling a lot better than I did.

9.30 TO 10.30:

Kraft Theatre (live American). A fair hospital drama about a girl who forgot things, including a report of a shortage of plasma, broken up by little lectures on how to put toasted cheese sandwiches in soup, and how to make You-Never-Fail-Fudge.

10.30 TO 11:

The March of Medicine (American kinescope). A documentary on cancer that made no effort to do a job.

11 TO 11.20:

Savoie-Carter Fight (Canadian kinescope). Very poorly filmed, both guys are always off either side of the screen, sometimes one right off it. You never see their feet.

11.20 TO 12.20:

Inspector Hornleigh on Holidays (British film). Murder at Brighton. The English can turn out clinkers, too.

FRIDAY

2.30 TO 3.30:

Movie Matinee (British film). It took nearly all week, but I struck a good one at last! An English film based on Dumas' adventure story of the growing of the first black tulip in Holland, which proved that an adventure story can be good if it's done with English actors instead of Hollywood stars.

3.30 TO 4.30:

Recorded Music.

4.30 TO 5.15:

The United Nations and Planet Tolex (see above).

5.15 TO 5.30:

Junior Sports Club (live Canadian). Bob Davidson, scout for the Toronto Maple Leafs, showed how to tape hockey sticks and answered questions about hockey. My daughters left me alone for this, but I enjoyed it, and learned a lot of things about hockey I never had the nerve to ask.

5.30 TO 6.20:

Children's Theatre (British film). A kids' mystery-adventure story about a secret tunnel. Very well done and good for the kids.

6.20 TO 6.45:

Hansel and Gretel. The Salzburg Marionettes (British film). These puppets were made with loving care instead of with string and hot-water coils. The scenery was nice and woodsy, with dancing mushrooms, animals, birds flying and the whole thing accompanied by good music and a good story, told by good voices.

6.45 TO 7.30:

Uncle Chichimus and Tabloid.

7.30 TO 8:

This is Show Business (American kinescope). Clifton Fadiman, Sam Levinson and other celebrities doing absolutely nothing but trying to sell Schick Shavers.

8 TO 8.30:

Pontiac Presents the Dave Garraway Show (live American). General Motors can have it. Typical humor: running a film of a pole vault backward. They should try running this program backward. Lots of commercials about automobiles.

8.30 TO 9.30:

The Big Reue (live Canadian). Another Canadian variety show that rated well over lots from the U. S. Phyllis Marshall singing, very good Calypso number, Evelyn Gould singing Madame Butterfly, a couple of poor

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skits and one good one about a guy in a supermarket. A good show.

9.30 TO 10:

Campbell TV Soundstage (live American). A well-handled play about a youth who held up a jewelry store. Good acting, good story, and commercials about, Mmmm! Good soup.

10 TO 11.10:

Bratton-Gavilan Fight (live American). I don't know whether I took the worst beating from Gavilan or Gillette, who sold me razor blades between rounds, but it was a terrific fight. I suggest that if CBLT wants to sell me a television set they try to match up Gavilan with eight of those fat men at Maple Leaf Gardens. Very well filmed. You'd spend a lot of dough for seats as good as this. The only person glad to see it end was Bratton.

11.10 TO 12.10:

Mystery Theatre (American film). Starts with a tough guy telling a blonde, "You know too much, baby. I'm checkin' out." The biggest mystery is why CBLT persists in showing these things.

SATURDAY

10 TO 11:

Eaton's Santa Claus Parade (live Canadian). I had the best look at the parade I've ever had, with all the bands playing when they passed me.

11 TO 12:

Eisenhower's Speech from Ottawa (live Canadian). I saw Eisenhower read his speech.

2.30 TO 3.30:

The Rough Riders West of the Law (American film). Those horses must be really tired.

3.30 TO 4:

Recorded Music.

4 TO 5:

Eaton's Santa Claus Parade, again, on kinescope.

5 TO 5.30:

Ed's Place (live Canadian). Ed McCurdy and his guitar and some innocent comedy with firemen, postmen and a talk with a shadow man. Very good.

5.30 TO 6.30:

Hopalong Cassidy (American film). They headed that way! Hopalong killed them off too fast this time, so CBLT showed a cartoon in which a kid gives someone the Bronx cheer.

6.30 TO 7:

Space Command (live Canadian). Which proved that a kids' program can be sheer entertainment without doing any harm. Children mightn't learn anything from this pseudo-scientific wonder tale, but they won't learn anything bad, and even I will keep quiet while it's on. Lots of suspense. Upper lateral air jets on!

7 TO 7.45:

Tabloid and Dinah Shore Show.

7.45 TO 8:

Sports Club (live Canadian). Dave Price interviews Joe Krol.



8 TO 9:

The Jackie Gleason Show (live American). Another hour of terrific American vaudeville. Gleason, after a good bit with Senator Claghorn, goes into a skit in which he is a New York bus driver who has just lost his job. His neighbor in the tenement is a guy who works in a sewer. The only qualification for the job, he said, was that he had to be able to float. I thought this sort of thing had disappeared back in the days when I wore bloomers and went to Shea's to see Spotlight Williams. It's rough, tough, ribald, vulgar, wonderful, top-notch, old-time vaudeville and I hope this time it's back to stay. Schick Razor presents a third of this in Canada so the commercials for the other two-thirds are filled by two people in Toronto talking about drama.

9 TO 9.30:

Douglas Fairbanks Jr. Presents, for Blue Ribbon Coffee, The Bitter Heart (American film). A well-acted play about a wealthy New York Irishman and an old love. Not a gripping story but particularly well done.

9.30 TO 10.45:

Hockey presented by Imperial Oil (live Canadian). The hockey game between Boston and Toronto at Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto which I thought lost a great deal from television compared to actually seeing the game. Nothing has been added to Foster Hewitt's description but a pointless pattern of players too far away to recognize.

10.45 TO 11:

American Home Products Presents Greatest Moments of the Prize Ring. (American film). A fight between Jake LaMotta and another guy. (A girl cleans her teeth with Kolyos and a fellow chews Dentyne for you.)

11 TO 12:

Wrestling from Marigold Gardens in Chicago (live American). A mean guy refuses to shake hands with a good guy . . . the announcer pretends that the crowd is very mad at a man named Gunkle . . . the announcer pretends that the referee is having a terrible time keeping these two killers from killing one another. The announcer pretends it's a wrestling match. I am going to get mad and I'm not pretending.

SUNDAY

I have almost decided that I am going to buy a television set. I don't have to look at it any more and here I am looking at it again, with my whole family. I hope that CBLT keeps on doing a lot of things that it's doing until then and stops doing a lot of other things.

I got the impression that CBLT, like some of the situations Hopalong Cassidy gets into, is made up of good guys and bad guys. The good guys are doing a terrific job but are only able to get enough stuff for about four hours a day. In the meantime CBLT is stuck with a nine-and-a-half-hour schedule so they've turned five and a half hours over to the bad guys. I suggest that instead they get more good guys, run more good English drama, more documentaries like Professor Carpenter's lecture, more children's programs like Percy Saltzman's and David Ouchterlony's. They'd also have time for some art, music, dramatic reading and be able to do a little better than squeezing three minutes of ballet in between Ramar of the Jungle and Willie Wonderful, and three minutes of symphony in between Nightcap and George Raft. In the meantime, I wish they'd sell that electric organ. ★



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Canada's Street Mail Collection

Among the most familiar objects in the streets of Canada's cities and towns are the bright red mail boxes adorning the sidewalks. They are of different sizes: large ones standing solidly on their own legs are receptacles where, in separate compartments, the public may post letters and parcels. Smaller boxes attached to convenient telephone or hydro poles near the street corners are for the mailing of letters only—and each one is so designated.

Prominently displayed on all of them, an information card gives the hours at which the boxes are cleared throughout the day. The system of street collection of mail was instituted in Canada nearly a century ago—in 1859. The distinction of being the city where it was first established belongs to Toronto.

Street collections are a service of highest order to both the public and the Canada Post Office; and now the system also covers innumerable individual office buildings and hotels.

Designed to speed up the handling and despatch of your mail, these collections, particularly from office buildings, can be successful only to the extent that business-men co-operate with the Post Office. Faster and more effective service is assured where business offices make the posting of their letters a continuing process throughout the day, instead of letting them lie around until the office closes and then unloading them all at once on the mail collection system. That practice clogs the system, reduces the speed of collection and impairs efficiency in handling.

Whether your outgoing mail
is light or heavy,
don't save it until the end of the day.

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MAILBAG



Charity's "Unholy Mess"

As a staff member for thirty-five years of the Canadian Mental Health Association, I was interested in Sidney Katz' brilliant article on The Unholy Mess of our Charity Appeals (Nov. 15). While I agree with much that Mr. Katz has to say, I feel that he has not sufficiently emphasized certain salient facts and considerations. There are weaknesses, as well as strengths, in the Community Chest and similar types of pooled funding for health and welfare work. The weaknesses include the following: Chest appeals in Canada rarely reach their objectives and, thus, participating agencies suffer. Chest appeals do not take full advantage of the fact that some people are eager to support TB work, or work for the blind, or the Red Cross, or mental-health work; and thus these people are often left cold with a group appeal.

It should also be recognized that we live in a land of free enterprise. Our friends in the business world want no other system. Men who operate insurance companies, for example, might shudder at the thought of pooling all insurance companies together, and employing one group of salesmen to sell policies for them all. They would probably say that such a plan kills private enterprise and would want none of it.

Now, the majority of us in the field of national health also want the benefits of free enterprise. Any other system would mean suicide for such organizations as the TB group, financed by Christmas seals; for the Red Cross, which has its own successful special techniques for fund raising; for the cancer group and for many others.

This is an issue that demands statesmanship of the highest order. The problem is important because voluntary agencies are doing necessary work that governments cannot perform. And, aside from their humanitarian values, these agencies save governments large expenditures that otherwise would mean higher tax rates.—Clarence M. Hincks, M.D., Toronto.

● Over four hundred North American cities have now proved the power, time and cost savings of united giving through united appeals. This extension of the Community Chest idea has cut expenses to the bone, saved the time of volunteers and raised more than the independent campaigns did alone. They have demonstrated that agencies can work together, that new members do not lose their identity any more than long time Community Chest members like the YMCA, Boy Scouts and VON have lost theirs . . . Ottawa will not rest until all campaign together.—John H. Yerger, Executive Director, Ottawa Community Chests.

In Defense of Ernest Gye

My attention has been drawn to an article by Marjorie Wilkins Campbell entitled When Albani Was Queen of Song (July 15). In the course of that article it is stated that her husband, Ernest Gye, i.e. my father, drank heavily, and as a result in effect ruined her financially.

My father died in 1925 after being

an invalid for several years and in 1930, the year of my mother's death, I was in my fifty-seventh year and had lived with my parents the whole of my life. I must therefore in vindication of my father's honored memory protest in the strongest terms against the implication that he was a drunkard.

Nothing could have given more pain to my mother, one of the most famous Canadians of her day, than these lies about her husband (to whom she was devoted and who was devoted to her throughout their entire married life). May I also draw your attention to the fact that Her Majesty Queen Victoria on numerous occasions welcomed both my parents to Balmoral and Windsor in a private capacity and conversely was pleased several times to return their visits at Old Mar Lodge where they were living.—E. F. Gye, London, Eng.

Odd Bed-fellow

Reading the story Look What Comes Out of the Hat! (Nov. 1), reminded me of the stone hot-water bottle I use. It is marked Medalta Potteries, Medicine Hat. I sleep on the veranda all winter and this stone bottle keeps my



bed warm all night. We call it a stone pig; it must be over fifty years old so is quite antique.—Mrs. E. Young, Peachland, B.C.

Gold Bug Bites Again

The two-part yarn, Kid in the Klondike (Nov. 1 and 15), makes very good reading. Even after so many years the yarns are thrilling enough to create an urge to go gold hunting . . . —A. Seymour Marsden, Muskoka, Ont.

● . . . I'm amazed Bert Parker wasn't better informed. As a Yukoner he should have known that Robert Henderson was the discoverer of gold in the Yukon, in paying quantities, and was recognized for this by the Canadian Government . . . —Mrs. Guy C. Wright, Edmonton.

● The articles by Bert Parker, Kid in the Klondike (Nov. 1 and 15), were very interesting inasmuch as Bert Parker's brother Syd is my brother-in-law. Syd Parker and my sister are the parents of a large and honorable family living in Hespeler, Ont. One of their daughters, Gladys Parker, was the first in their town to join the CWACs in World War II.—Rev. G. A. Sauder, Waskatenau, Alta. ★

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CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE



Those Elusive Novel Awards

THIS ISSUE carries the final chapter of W. O. Mitchell's brooding prairie novel, *The Alien*, which received the first of Maclean's continuing five thousand dollar novel awards. As Carlyle Sinclair's tortured career reaches its climax amid the thunder of Indian drums, it seems as good a time as any to report to our readers and contributors on the state of these awards, which were first announced in June 1953.

We'd like to be able to report that we've made a second Maclean's Award Novel, but unfortunately this is not the case. We have plowed through one hundred and twenty-five Canadian novels—some more than once—which means that we have read about a million and a half words. Although we've seen some promising work, we've not yet come across anything that we consider worthy of the award.

We have, however, compiled a few statistics on the novels already submitted and we hasten to record them for future students of Canadian letters. Of the one hundred and twenty-five novels submitted, we thought about twenty showed promise; the chances are those writers will be heard from in the future. The most novels came from Vancouver, where the weather, we understand, is conducive to novel-writing. Toronto was a close second.

The most popular subject has dealt with children growing up on the Canadian prairies. Unfortunately this subject has been dealt with pretty often before.

We found, however, that the best novels covered some phase of contemporary or near-contemporary Canada, such as the one we read about a foreign-language immigrant growing up in a Canadian city, or another about the Newfoundland fishing industry and a third about



The prairies got the biggest play.

the islands off the B. C. coast.

We've received two half-novels so far. The authors are still working on the second halves. We can't, of course, make any decision until we see the rest. We must report, too, that we've seen some really terrible novels, still thick with the dust from the drawer where, we suspect, they've lain for many years. In addition we've had several novels written out in longhand (something that tends to drive editors to distraction) and one novel written entirely in rhyme.

Incidentally, there seems to be a misconception about these novel awards. We're not running a contest. There's no closing date for entries. No novel is judged specifically in competition with other novels. We're looking for good novels, that's all. We'll give out an award whenever we get one. As we said in our opening announcement we're prepared to make up to three awards a year, and insist on making at least one.

Meanwhile, you'll be seeing *The Alien*, by W. O. Mitchell, between hard covers sometime this year. The entire novel is much longer than the excerpts we have published. Readers who enjoyed the magazine version will, we are sure, want to read the book in its entirety. ★



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IN VANCOUVER a woman was fined one hundred dollars and had her license suspended for three years. The reason:

Sitting in a parked car she put it into reverse and plowed sixty feet backward over a lawn and into an apartment building. Damage: one hundred and fifty dollars. She then changed gears, shot right across the road, up the curb on the other side and back onto the road where she sideswiped a parked car. Damage: five hundred dollars. Next she went through a red light causing two cars trying to avoid her to collide. Damage: one hundred and fifty dollars. The next victim saw her coming and escaped with only fifteen dollars damage by getting most of his car out of the way. She made up for it by taking the bounce on a parked car (damage: one hundred and fifty dollars) and then rang up a final thirty dollars smashing head on into another car. This last crash stopped her.

The church announcements in a small-town paper in Manitoba carried two separate advertisements. Readers were invited by the Presbyterian minister to "Come and Worship in our Newly Decorated Church;" while immediately beneath, the United Church minister observed (in his text for the week) that, "Whitewashing the Pump will not Purify the Water."

When a brother and sister of the Willows family married a sister and brother of the Morris family in Perth County, Ont., twenty years ago, they started a custom of giving their children the mother's maiden name as a Christian name. The result:

Morris Willows' mother is sister to Willow Morris' father; Willow



Morris' mother is sister to Morris Willows' father; Morris Willows' uncle is Willow Morris' father and Willow Morris' uncle is Morris Willows' father; Morris Willows' father's father and Willow Morris' mother's father are the same person, and the same is true of Morris Willows' mother's father and Willow Morris' father's father, but Morris Willows' father's father and Willow Morris' father's father are different people.

Kids in Perth, Ont., going home from their music lessons have been getting a certain satisfaction from a hand-lettered sign in a boarding house window: Violin Taught. Special Pains Given Beginners.

A Nelson, B.C., motorist filling up his car at a service station noticed a smirk on the face of the attendant and asked him what the big joke was.

"I want to congratulate you," was the reply. "You're the last person to



be served with gas at the old price."

The motorist glowed with that old bargain-basement feeling until the attendant added: "It goes down five cents a gallon from now on."

Red-faced Oakalla Prison Farm officials in Vancouver admitted they released a man who had served only 233 days of a 729-day sentence. "The handwriting on his card was not too clear," the warden said, explaining that the man handling releases had misread a date, allowing the prisoner his freedom a year before it was due. The surprised inmate didn't correct the mistake.

During a trivial brush with the provincial police not long ago a Chatham, Ont., man who was picked up on the highway was asked to prove his identity. Without the slightest hesitation the man reached into his mouth, pulled out his upper plate and showed the police his name, etched on the roof of the dentures.

An enterprising insurance man in Abbotsford, B.C., is equal to any situation. After an oil truck parked two blocks away slipped its brake, rolled across two busy streets, and pushed his one-story real estate and insurance office back several feet he put up a new sign:

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Winnipeg, painted for the Seagram Collection by William Winter, A.R.C.A., O.S.A.



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More important, these new foreign friends have carried away vivid personal impressions of Canada as a great and growing country—a land of tremendous natural and industrial resources and remarkable human resourcefulness.



WILLIAM A. WINTER, A.R.C.A., O.S.A. Born and trained in Winnipeg; twice winner of J. W. L. Forster Award, President Canadian Society of Painters in Water-colour, 1946-1948. Member of Ontario Society of Artists, and of the Canadian Group of Painters, he likes to paint "racetracks, circuses and...children."

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